

DECEMBER 1896.

NEW SERIES. PART II.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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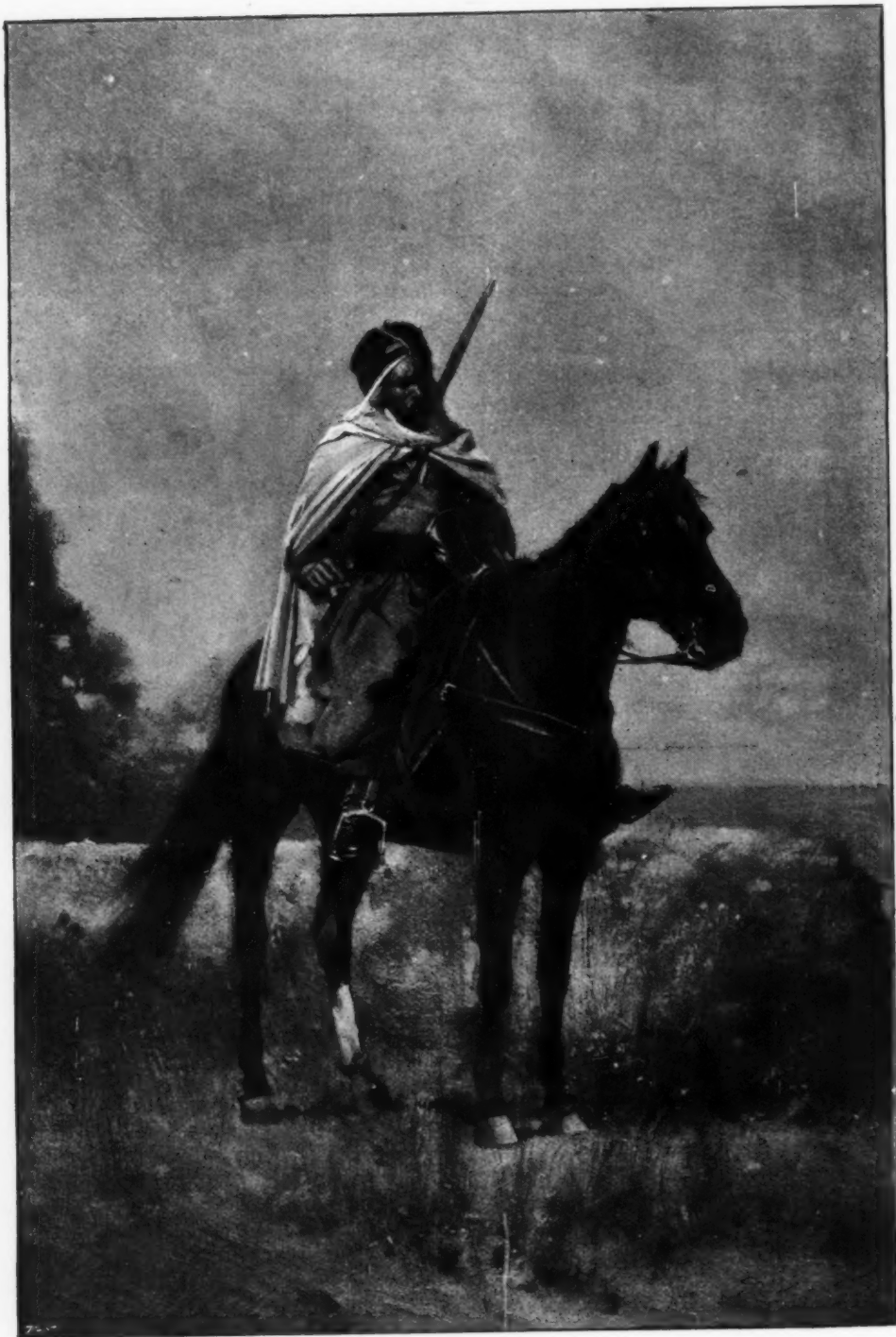
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ON THE ALERT.

THE STORY OF HANS PEHL

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA."



IT WAS THE HUMAN BEINGS ABOVE FOR WHOM THE FIRE HAD BEEN KINDLED.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was no easy task to reconcile my mother to my departure. Her gentle nature rose against my plan; but when finally she wept resignedly and treated me to tender words of advice and loving admonition it was harder to bear than had she bitterly upbraided me for neglecting her in her old age.

All that evening and the next morning I was engaged on my own preparations, and my lord gave me another proof of his favour by sending Peter, who was one of the serving men appointed to accompany us, to carry my wallet up to the Schloss. During the morning of the day of our departure, which was a Saturday, I

made three different journeys between our house and the Schloss in order to confer with my lord and my lady on many matters which needed attention. It gratified my pride to be consulted by them, and touched my heart moreover, for I loved them, and therefore I gave them my best advice, which was not much, for after all my lord knew far more of the world and its ways than I did.

And now I ought to mention that on my last visit I was surprised to notice my lord in close conversation with a tall and severe-looking gentleman of about fifty years, who had just arrived at the castle. He had ridden hard, for his strong nag was much worn and its sides bleeding, and the grey suit of the rider

himself was splashed from collar to boot with the mire of the roads, which had become soft under the thaw. My lord at once called me forward and, addressing the stranger as Count Robert, informed him that I was his trusty friend and companion, and had his entire confidence; further, that I was to accompany him to Duke Bernhard's camp.

"Then I will tell you," said the count, "what I have already told my lord, that I am the bearer of a large sum of French gold as well as important papers from friends of the cause in Leipzig to Duke Bernhard of Weimar, who must now be near Torgau on the Elbe. I would rest here until the afternoon, when I shall be happy to join my lord's party. My three men and myself will be a useful addition to your party of four. The roads from Langenstein to the camp are by no means safe; there are strange tales about that bodies of men in the pay of Wallenstein are already infesting the country, and we shall be very lucky if we get through without mishap. Still, we are eight true swords, and it will be strange indeed if we cannot give a good account of ourselves."

He turned to my lord as he said this, and his grim features relaxed into a pleasant smile. After some further converse I returned to the village to say farewell to my dear mother, and never since then—and I have gone through some bitter experiences—has my heart been so wrung with anguish. Alas! I was never to see the dear face again; but as our tears mingled I comforted her with the thought that my absence would not be for long, and that better times must soon come, when peace would be finally established, when the horrors of the present time would be an evil memory only.

It was with mournful steps that I ascended the Holwitz hill for the last time. Outside the Schloss gate and inside the court all was bustle and excitement, serving men and grooms running hither and thither, horses neighing and prancing, restive under the saddling and the tightening of their girths. Ott Bensch was also active; these were duties which he really understood. The kitchen wenches were clustered together at the gate leading to the offices, for Peter was a great favourite among them, and his departure caused the tears to flow from their honest eyes. My lord and Count Robert were directing everything, and I could see at a glance that my lord was only a child compared with this gallant gentleman, whose eyes were everywhere watching every detail of preparation. I looked up at the windows to see if Käthe was visible, but saw no sign of her, and was revolving in my mind how best I could say farewell to her when my lord came to my assistance.

"Hans Pehl," he said in a low voice, "my lady desires to see thee for an instant before we leave. She has somewhat for thy private ear. Thou wilt also find thy sweet cousin in the garden. I saw her there but a short while since."

I went first to my lady. The curtain had been drawn across the window, and she sat in her high-backed chair in almost total darkness, weeping. He was her only child and the last of his race. I dare not give her words—they were very sacred; but with broken utterance she gave me the spiritual charge of my lord, and besought my constant prayers for his safety and speedy return. And then turning to my own poor affairs she hoped that I also would soon come back.

"The sweetest maid in all the Saxon land awaits thy coming, and I pray God that He will lead thee in safety, and that I will yet live to see thy children and my own grandchildren play together. And now go to Käthe, she waits thee in the garden."

She held out her hand, and I sank on my knee before her and kissed it.

"God bless thee, Hans Pehl," she sobbed, "and be a true friend to my lord."

I fled along the passage to the little door leading into the west garden. I can still recollect the high red walls and the trees to which a few over-ripe pears and apples still clung among the withered brown leaves. I hastened to the summer-house where I felt sure Käthe awaited me. She saw me coming and ran to meet me, and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. The light of love was undimmed by any tears in her strong clear eyes.

"Good-bye, Hans, my Hänsel, and fight a brave fight, and do thy duty. The Lord will see thee safely through it all, and thou wilt return after the turmoil to end thy days with me here in quiet."

I could not speak, I felt like choking.

"Hans, where is thy talisman? Give it me."

With trembling fingers I drew the tiny scrap of ribbon from my breast pocket and gave it to her, and with firm hand she pinned it in my cap. She smiled as she drew her head back to watch the effect. We then began to talk in some fashion which I could never explain, about the most indifferent things in the world. She was voluble, and I could hardly screw out a single word, and I felt grieved that she talked so much and so gaily and glibly—which was foolish on my part, for had I thought of it I should have known that she rattled on, and smiled, only to keep up her own and my spirits. And then in the midst of our talk Peter appeared at the little postern leading to the terrace overlooking the river, and called out that all was ready, and that everyone except my lord was in the saddle. My sweet cousin did not mind Peter's presence, but stood on tip-toe and drew my head down and kissed me again and again. The tears were in her eyes and coursing down her cheeks. Neither of us uttered a word as I turned and ran to the postern.

Count Robert and his three men, all booted and spurred, sat their horses in the centre of the court, so did my lord's second man Christian. Peter sprang into his saddle, and I got into mine in a somewhat less sprightly fashion. My lord was with his mother, and his horse was held by

a groom. Without a word being spoken we waited for his appearance. At last he came, his face drawn and white, and with the signs of recent tears in his dark eyes. He flung himself on his beautiful chestnut, and silently in the dull October light he and Count Robert rode out under the archway. The remaining six of us clattered on behind them, and the noisy stamping of our horses' hoofs, and the jingle of our harness and accoutrements, resounded in my ears and echoed up among the grey walls of the dear old Schloss which I was not to see again for many a long day. Ott Bensch stood under the arch, and bent his stout body almost to the pavement as my lord and Count Robert rode out. To each of the others he held out his fat hand and wished them a safe ride and a speedy return home. I was the last, and as I passed out he scowled at me with a look like a tiger's and again touched his dagger. It was impossible to resist the temptation, so stooping down I whispered that only assassins preferred

Christian, Peter, and myself. After the thaw the sky had become overcast, and as soon as we had entered on the open plain it began to rain. The roads were heavy, and our horses plunged through the sticky mud from one hole to another, which was very trying to their strength. We began to regret that we had not followed the upper road, which was firmer. All through the evening the rain kept steadily pouring down, and quite worn out we were glad at last to arrive at our first halting-place, about half a mile from the little hamlet of Merau, where we put up at the only inn of the place. The host was known as a man of ill repute, and suspected of dealings with the Papists, but we had no choice. My lord was kind enough to request Christian to look after my horse as well as his own, and invited me with Count Robert's consent to enter the inn with him. Our men had good quarters assigned to them in a dry straw barn above the stables on the other side of the road.



INSIDE THE COURT ALL WAS BUSTLE.

the dagger, and that I hoped to punish him with the only weapon fitted for a groom's shoulders—a stout whip. His horrible malediction was the last sound I heard from the Schloss.

Now, there were two roads leading from Langenstein to Merau, where we decided to pass the first night. The shorter of the two led along the Holwitz river, following in places the top of a line of dangerous cliffs, and through a country which was known to be infested with bands of brigands and straying detachments of Wallenstein's troops which had left the standards and were living mostly on plunder. The other and much longer route we decided to follow; it was level, and we would run no danger from surprises.

We speedily arranged ourselves in marching order as soon as we entered on the level ground below the castle. My lord and Count Robert continued to ride in advance. Then followed Count Robert's three men, and after them

As my lord, Count Robert, and I entered the inn we discovered that we were not the only travellers there. Round the big log fire sat three men, the steam rising from their wet clothes causing anything but a pleasant odour in the room. They had evidently arrived but a short time before, and stared insolently at us as Count Robert civilly begged them to make room. Grudgingly they moved their seats a little aside. They were strangers to these parts: their dress did not show this so much as the few words they uttered, which seemed to my ear to sound like the German they speak in Bohemia. I could not help casting an occasional sharp glance at one of them whom I thought I recognised. I was puzzled for a while as to where I had seen him, but at last, and in spite of his different dress and false beard and moustache, I felt certain he was the tall horse-dealer. I looked narrowly at his companions, but I could not be sure that I recognised them.

Count Robert was civil and several times attempted conversation with them, but they were very reserved. In reply to a question from my lord, who had not recognised the horse-dealers through their disguise, they said they were travelling to Leipzig.

"And whence come ye?"

"From Duke Bernhard's camp."

"We are all bound thither. How are the roads?"

Their answers were curt, and as I thought unsatisfactory; moreover, they kept their faces turned away from us. Both my lord and Count Robert were anxious for the latest news from the camp, and plied the strangers with a multitude of questions, to which they received such strange and contradictory replies, and so much at variance with the information which we already possessed, that the two lords began to grow suspicious and to look significantly at one another.

Presently the landlord, followed by Peter, brought us in our supper, but as the strangers did not seem of their rank, neither my lord nor Count Robert offered them hospitality, nor did they seem to expect it of us. We ate in silence, neither of my lords condescending to force conversation upon our reticent companions, who, when not furtively engaged in watching us, stared steadily at the flaming logs on the hearth.

When we finished supper we rose, politely bowed to the three men, and retired to our room, our host lighting the way along an evil-smelling passage, and bidding us a surly good-night at the door. Count Robert at once busied himself in poring over some papers which had been carefully tied up with a strong cord. Some of these seemed to me to be plans of fortresses and battlefields. Once or twice while he was thus engaged I thought I heard the boards of the passage floor creak, but as the wind had risen, and the noises which accompany a storm were heard on every side, I paid little heed. But I whispered my lord that I was certain one of the three men in the room we had left was one of the horse-dealers, and that therefore his companion lied when he said they were from the camp and were bound for Leipzig. My lord, however, said he was sure I was mistaken, and that I had horse-dealers on the brain. Thereupon Count Robert rose, and said he would visit his knaves in the barn and see that the horses had been cared for. "A good man," he said, "is good to his beast."

My lord, who was tired and seemed in low spirits, asked me to accompany Count Robert to see that our horses were also properly cared for. We found our rascals boisterously enjoying themselves over a good supper. They had prepared luxurious beds of straw for themselves, and the landlord had liberally supplied them with copious flagons of strong ale. I said them a good night; and then the Count and I, finding that our roadsters had been carefully groomed and were quietly munching their chopped straw and barley, returned to

the inn room, where my lord had already retired to bed and was fast asleep.

Count Robert was a devout man, for he knelt when he saw me kneel, and his lips moved in prayer; and as we knelt I drew out of my breast pocket Master Beza's Latin Testament, and read our Saviour's blessed words to His disciples: how He promised to send them a Comforter to abide with them for ever, and that the Father will come to him and make His abode with him who loveth the Son and keepeth His words. The Count remained on his knees as I read, and the tears fell fast on his grizzled beard. We rose, and he silently shook my hand.

Our beds were none of the softest, but I don't think that was why I did not sleep. I could judge from their breathing that both my lord and Count Robert slept soundly. I lay on my hard bench, and listened to the sough of the wind and to the creaking of the pine-branches as they swayed hither and thither in the black night. My thoughts went back to Langenstein, and the sweet blue eyes of Käthe shone before me in vision. I felt again my dear mother's caresses.

Then suddenly I seemed to be roughly wakened out of a trance. A bright gleam, as though it were lightning, lit up the room. It shone a moment, then vanished; then shone again brighter than ever, but did not vanish. It was not lightning. I jumped from my bed and rushed to the window, which I flung open. I started! the barn and stables opposite were blazing!

"My lord! Count Robert!" I shrieked, terrified out of my wits. "Fire!" I yelled—"Fire!"

In a moment they were by my side; in another moment, half-dressed as we were, we were madly rushing along the passage and across the road to the barn. We saw our way all too clearly. Count Robert sprang forward to open the stable. Horrible! The door had been nailed up from the outside. He flung himself with all his might against it, and the scorching gusts of flame and smoke singed his face and nearly suffocated my lord and me, who were vainly seeking an inlet from the other side. We heard no stamping of frightened horses within, and the horrible thought rushed through my mind that it was the human beings above in the barn for whom the fire had been kindled, and that the horses had been safely removed.

"Where is the host?" cried my lord. "Where are those three villains? We are helpless here alone."

And then through the crackling of the flames, which had been lashed to increased fury by the strong wind, we heard for a moment the agonised cries of the men above, now roused from their heavy sleep. Count Robert was like a man in a frenzy. He raised the heavy stones lying on the road, and with supernatural strength launched them against the door; but it resisted all his efforts, and the fierce heat drove him finally back to the inn door, where he fell in a heap, his

face and hands covered with burns, and utterly exhausted. Then a loud crash, and up into the sky shot a long, licking flame and a dazzling shower of sparks; the roof had fallen in, the stone walls alone stood around a glowing mass where the charring bodies of our five luckless grooms lay.

It was a fearful sight, and I turned my eyes away. My lord was bending over Count Robert, and called to me to fetch some water. I ran to the inn kitchen and found the water, but no one was there. While my lord tended his friend, I vainly sought a second time in every nook and corner of the inn for our host; but he had vanished, nor was there a trace of the three strangers. Theirs, I felt sure, had been the diabolical work of the night, and that we were not consumed with our men was doubtless owing to the landlord's wish to preserve his inn.

We had fallen into a trap, a trap of the enemy's; and this was their dastardly way of fighting the Pope's battles. Wallenstein and Pappenheim, I thought, are fit commanders of such cut-throats. And then the suspicion crept into my mind, and grew ever stronger, that here was a crime well thought out. Those strangers knew we would pass the night at Merau. Who had told them? From whom had they their instructions?

We assisted Count Robert back to our room. The light of the burning barn had died down, and the room was in comparative darkness; but as we entered, a glance showed us that it had been ransacked during our absence. Count Robert, dazed as he was and in great pain from his burns, saw it at once.

"My papers!" he gasped. "My papers, the letters, the money!"

He struggled out of our hands, and, crawling forward, groped among the saddle-bags in which he had packed them away. He turned round his scorched face to us, and, raising himself on his knees, clasped his hands together.

"They are gone! God help us!"

Now I began to see light, but I kept my own counsel and said nothing. Those strangers certainly knew that we carried valuable papers and gold. Who told them? I could have answered the question.

CHAPTER V.

WE seemed unable to get over the stupefaction caused by our loss and the terrible events of the night. Count Robert, I could see, was cut to the heart about the fate of his three grooms, and bitterly accused himself of carelessness in the matter of the papers and money; but we had no comfort to offer him. Our own losses were bad enough. The fearful fate of Christian and Peter, and the thought that perhaps worse still might be in store for us, unnerved us completely. Fortunately I was able to minister to Count Robert by procuring some oil and smearing it over his burns,

which were not, I was glad to notice, so serious as I had thought. Indeed, the Count himself made so light of them that he declared he was ready to ride out at once in pursuit of the villains who had wrought us such irreparable mischief.

Of course there was no sleep for us during the short remainder of that night. We sat and thought out our plans for the morning. Our first care must be to obtain horses in the village. Perhaps we would find our own there. I counselled return to Langenstein, which was only five hours distant; but my lord and Count Robert objected, as they were both anxious to arrive at Duke Bernhard's camp as early as possible.

At length, after weary waiting, the faint grey light of morning began to appear. We saw it coming gradually in the East over the smoking wreck of the barn. As soon as the morning brightened a little I began a thorough search of the house, still hoping to find the landlord, and to hear something which might throw more light on the events of the night. But the only human being I discovered was a half-witted creature but partly clothed in rags, who crouched into a corner in terror as soon as he beheld me approach. From him I could not extract a word of sense. In answer to my inquiries about the landlord and the three strangers, all he did was to point along the road in the direction of the village.

I reported this to my lords, and obtained their leave to walk warily to the village, promising to use circumspection, and in the hope that I might obtain some information which might guide us as to our future movements. So, loosening my sword, I left the inn, and skirting the road behind the smoking barn, I made off in the direction of the village. It was a foggy morning, and every dark tree-trunk looming up before me through the mist made my heart jump, and brought my hand round to my weapon. I had proceeded half the distance when I saw something moving in an erratic fashion from side to side of the road. I stood still and quickly drew my sword. But the man, for such I soon discovered it to be, progressed ever nearer, and I suddenly noticed with a great joy that his figure was familiar, that it was Peter, but so drunk that he could only proceed with much unnecessary circumambulation. I ran forward, calling out his name, and he stood stock still. In reply to my questions, where he had been, and if he knew what had happened to his companions, all he could manage in reply was a snatch of a drinking-song, and a hiccoughing invitation to me to partake of the contents of a stone bottle, which he contrived to retain in his hand.

But, drunk as he was, he could notice from my concerned manner and speech that there was something of serious matter to which I was striving to direct his attention. He roused himself so far as to make me understand that, impelled by a desire for a great drink, he had stolen away from his companions during the

evening, and had made his way to the village, where, falling in with some choice fellows similarly minded, he had drunk all night. And then he gave me some important information. Early in the night, he said, he saw three or four men ride through the village with a number of led horses, but he had paid no attention to the matter.

We were now close to the inn, and Peter, who had become partially sober owing to the seriousness of my speech, started back, staring with all his might at the ruined barn. He trembled in every limb.

"What has happened?" he asked, with blanched lips. "Where is Christian! Those horses I saw were ours!"

I hurriedly told the now completely sobered man all that had happened, and our suspicions that the three strangers had wrought this devilish evil.

"Well," he said, and even in my state of great grief and perplexity I could not but smile at the simplicity of the remark—"Well, this is the first time that drink has saved me from evil. The devil did me a good turn for once."

My lord and Count Robert as soon as they saw us were vastly astonished to see Peter safe and sound. He told them his story, but to their minute questioning he could add nothing beyond what he had already told me.

It was, however, evident that we might now remove to the village without danger, and do our best to procure horses for our future journey. Peter reported the villagers as friendly, frightened, simple creatures, who would surely aid us. We collected our belongings, and then my lord, who had been moody and wore a black look, turned swiftly to Peter.

"There is an idiot somewhere about. Drive him out of the house and then set fire to it. See that you do your work thoroughly."

I did not approve of this act of useless vengeance, neither, I think, did Count Robert; but Peter did his work well, and shouldering our wallets we trudged to the village, the inn crackling and blazing behind us.

We speedily succeeded in coming to terms for five horses, one of which was to serve for sumpter purposes. By midday we were in the saddle and plunging through the miry roads. We again headed towards the camp. Both my lord and Count Robert were very dejected, and the Count, I could see, suffered much from the pain of his burns. Peter and I rode behind, and his presence did much to cheer me, for he was of a jovial and volatile nature, and the terrible things of the night seemed to weigh little on his spirits. Maybe the years of war service which he had rendered in Bavaria, and earlier in the Low Countries, had annealed his heart and made him callous of human suffering and the lives of his fellows. And yet I have noticed more than once since, that in some ways he had indeed a very tender heart. We were not long on the road when he began cracking jokes and narrating amusing experiences of his in the Netherlands.

During the first day's ride nothing happened to relieve the dismal melancholy and silence which characterised our party; even Peter's quips soon palled upon me, and failed to rouse me from the mournful reveries which the events of the night induced, and which the continuous bad weather only helped to make the more sad. Occasionally we met a half-starved, frightened peasant on the road, from whom we extracted all the information he could give us. We heard of bodies of Wallenstein's Catholic troops marching north from Nuremberg, throwing themselves into Saxony, perhaps with the object of seizing Torgau and Halle, and making themselves masters of the fords and bridges over the Elbe and Saale. We heard they were concentrating at Lützen, where they were burning and plundering on every side, working unutterable ruin among the already impoverished and suffering inhabitants, probably also hoping thereby to wean the Elector from his alliance with the Swedes. Bodies of Swedes and Saxons, we learned, were hurrying after them in pursuit, and collecting at Nuremberg, and the great Gustavus Adolphus himself was rapidly marching North. It was evident to all of us that great events were on foot, and that the King of Sweden would surely soon do his utmost to bring that wily fox Wallenstein to battle.

We also heard news which greatly excited Count Robert and my lord. As we rested on the third night from Meräu at a little ruined inn, we were invaded by a body of Saxon troopers under the command of a young gentleman of my lord's acquaintance. He informed us that his party was the advanced guard of a large body of cavalry commanded by Count Ulrich of Süsswied, which was half a day's march behind; that bodies of Saxon infantry were following, and that in all probability we should meet with the Count on the following day, hurrying forward to Nuremberg to join Gustavus Adolphus, who had fully determined to force Wallenstein to battle, and who had demanded the assistance of the Saxon troops under Duke Bernhard.

This young gentleman had little time for much converse. He was too busy caring for his men and horses, and as soon as he could he sought an hour or two of much needed repose, as he had to make forced marches until he reached the king. But next morning my lord and Count Robert determined to go forward to meet Count Ulrich rather than await their arrival at the inn. From what the young officer told us of Duke Bernhard's movements, it was evidently impossible for us to join him, so the decision was made to attach ourselves to Count Ulrich.

We had not gone far when we beheld from the top of a low declivity which we had ascended, a long, dark line of horsemen away to the East approaching us. Count Robert and my lord attentively surveyed them, and I was glad to hear them conclude that these must be Count Ulrich's regiments on their way to join

the king. We had not long to wait to be assured of this. On they came in twos and threes and fours, passing us respectfully when they knew that our business was with Count Ulrich. They were gaunt, weather-beaten fellows, with unkempt beards and bruised faces. Their clothes of every pattern and colour were patched and torn, smeared with mud, and soaking with the rain which had been steadily falling for four days. Many of the horses were lame and covered with sores, and I could not but pity the poor mute beasts. On they rode, their harness and arms jingling and rattling. A party of them made a poor attempt to be merry, some tootling on battered trumpets, others hoarsely singing a Saxon drinking-song and clashing brazen cymbals against their rusty breastplates, or the battered steel scabbards of their long sabres. One of them was tossing up in the air a sort of hoop with jingling brass bells and knots of black horse-hair attached to it.

At length a thick body of troopers approached, two of their number carrying stained and tattered battle flags on either side of a small sallow-complexioned man of forty, with coal black eyes, with a long red scar across his cheek, and somewhat scrupulously dressed in black. He wore moreover a crimson sash, tightly tied round his waist. My lord and Count Robert rode forward and saluted him, and I knew we were in the presence of the renowned Ulrich of Süsswied, the hero of a score of hard-fought fields, a man of unblemished honour, but reputed stern, harsh, and unbending, a man who had been marked out by the Swedish king as, next to Duke Bernhard, the greatest of the German generals on his side.

After some cordial greetings, in which I was glad to see that my lord was included, the general informed Count Robert that we were to accompany him to Naumburg, where Duke Bernhard was expected in a day or two.

Peter and I fell into line two or three files behind, while my lord and Count Robert and the general rode together in earnest converse. My eyes were steadily fixed on the three nobles, and I knew from the concerned look on all their faces that the events of that night at Merau were the subject of their discourse. The general looked angry and greatly disturbed, and seemed to be closely questioning both my lord and Count Robert. What was my astonishment when the general suddenly turned round and in a sharp tone cried out.

"Where is this Hans Pehl? I would speak with him."

My lord beckoning me forward, I approached in great trepidation, bowing low to the great man before me, whose piercing eyes seemed to read my soul.

"Count Robert has told me of the fire at Merau, and the robbery of the papers and money. Did you know that my lord carried papers and money?"

"I did."

"Did you tell anyone of your knowledge?"

I became red at the insinuation as to my lack of discretion, and the general, misinterpreting my confusion, said—

"Come, fellow, whom did you tell?"

"I told no one, my lord."

"Take care! You may be indiscreet, but you must not lie in your dealings with me. Your master has told me that you were twice absent for some minutes presumably in search of the landlord. Were you in my lord's room during your search?"

"I certainly was."

"And you noticed no one there?"

"No one."

"Nor did you notice if Count Robert's baggage had been disturbed?"

"I did not, my lord, I was too hurried and confused."

"Did you yourself touch or tamper in any way with the baggage?"

The general said this so insolently that I reddened a deep crimson, and more than a tone of indignation was in my voice as I curtly answered a short negative.

"That will do," said the general. Then turning to my young master he continued—

"I don't like the look of this fellow of yours. He may or may not be telling the truth. I believe he is lying, and knows more about the matter than he pretends. I shall place him under arrest, and when we arrive in Naumburg and have more time I shall certainly consider it my first duty to attend to this matter, and report it to Duke Bernhard for his decision. Let his baggage be searched at the first halt."

"Fellow," turning to me, "deliver up thy belongings to the provost marshal and consider thyself under arrest until we reach Naumburg."

Stupefied and amazed at the strange turn events had taken, I sought for help by a mute look of appeal to my lord and Count Robert; but neither of them took any notice—they were leaning forward listening to the general, who was talking to them earnestly in a low voice. Even Peter, who had fallen in behind my lord, did not cast a look of comfort my way.

I could not imagine what had induced the general to suppose for an instant that I had any hand in the purloining of the papers and gold, for such was without doubt the suspicion which had entered his mind. My heart was in the cause, and I would rather have cut off my right hand than do the cause injury by word, deed, or thought. And why should suspicion so suddenly rest on me? This puzzled me for many a day afterwards. Somehow thoughts of Ott Bensch would come into my mind, and I felt that the steward was mixed up in some unaccountable way in this business. I remembered how the rascal stole away from the door of the room in which my lord and I were discussing plans for our journey, and I now recollected that our talk for a moment had indeed been of Count Robert and his papers and gold. The scoundrel had surely overheard our speech. But beyond this I could not go; all the rest was

a mystery to me, and the more I thought of it the more mysterious it grew.

I was miserable. I felt the blood ebb away from my face as I waited by the roadside, guarded on either hand by a trooper, and waiting for the provost marshal to come up; and I think I must have looked every inch a traitor as I kept my eyes to the ground, not daring to raise them and meet the open scorn of the horsemen who passed, and who, seeing that I was a prisoner, flung vile words of mockery and reproach at me. At last the troop came up with the provost marshal and his prisoners. The sergeant at my side delivered me over with my saddlebags to the marshal, a vile-looking, thick-set, red-bearded rascal with a horrible squint.



THE MARSHAL HANDCUFFS HANS PEHL.

There was a short halt called while the marshal fastened iron handcuffs on my wrists, and took possession of my belongings. When he had finished he smote me in the face with his heavy sodden gloves, and ordered me to ride between two scoundrelly looking prisoners who were almost half-naked, and on whose backs I could see the raw red weals of a recent flogging.

At the blow from the gloves everyone raised a loud guffaw, which was repeated again and again as the unbidden tears sprang into my eyes, and I sobbed as though my heart would burst.

"Cheer up, my lad," said one of the scoundrels at my side, "thy back is still whole. Wait until the wires are searching out thy marrow, and then thou mayest howl. The general won't

spare thee, if thou hast taken a liberty with what was not thine own."

"Let the lad alone," said the other. "I warrant he is no taker of other's property. He lacks the spirit thereto. More like is he the receiver of stolen goods, more like still a sneaking spy. He has the very cut of one. They all have that lank hang-dog look."

Why at that bitterest of moments did a ray of brightest light enter my soul and fill me with a great hope and a great joy that could not be extinguished? Was it because I suddenly thought of a greater than any earthly king who once was placed between two malefactors, and whose agonised face and bleeding brows were mocked at by the lewd rabble?

I raised my hot face to the grey sky and the cold beating rain, and I learned the blessed lesson that even when the heavens are dark there can be a great light in the soul.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a few hours' steady riding we came to the spot where the roads to Langenstein and Naumburg divided, the latter bending somewhat to the left and passing through a thickly wooded country. As soon as we entered the forest I noticed that the general threw out scouts in all directions, for we were now approaching a territory which had been much overrun by Wallenstein's soldiers returning from Bavaria, and Count Ulrich was taking every precaution to prevent a surprise by the enemy. The words of contumely, which had been lavished upon me at first by my companions and guards, although not one of them knew exactly on what charge I had been arrested, had ceased, and we rode on in silence, keeping a sharp look-out to right and left. But I felt keenly the disgrace of my position. I daresay my heart would have had relief had I chosen to speak to my guards and profess my entire innocence of wrong-doing, but this my pride forbade; besides, I had sense enough to know that I would not be believed. Oh, I cannot attempt to describe the misery of that march; indeed, although I afterwards suffered greater bodily pain, and although my position in time became still more critical and terrible, I do not think that any hours in all my long life burnt such ineffaceable marks on my memory as those when I first felt the heavy iron manacles chafing my wrists, and heard the words "Thief" and "Spy" hissed into my ears by those brutal troopers.

And there was worse coming. Late in the afternoon—it was indeed already dusk—we arrived at a large village situated in a cleared part of the forest. I saw that this was to be

our halting-place for the night. The great open space in the centre of the village was filled with horses and dismounted men who plunged about in the deep mud. There was much swearing going on, and a few villagers who ventured to appear among us only received very scant courtesy when they ventured to hesitate about obeying the peremptory orders of the dragoons. This, alas! was one of the villages through which the troops of Wallenstein had passed a fortnight before us, and the traces of their red hands were visible all around. As we were waiting in the square I heard one poor old fellow say that ten years ago there were three hundred inhabited houses in the village and that now there were only fifty, that of the thousands of sheep once owned by them not one remained, and only a score or so of cattle, the last of which Wallenstein's troopers had raided. He pointed with trembling hands to a row of scorched and blackened huts, one of which had been his home, which had been fired by Wallenstein's own orders because no more sheep were forthcoming; and it was then I heard for the first time of "burning masters" as recognised officers in the army of the terrible Bohemian. Although my own misery was so intense I had still, thank God, a place in my heart for those wretched sorrow-stricken Saxon peasants.

After waiting about for some time in the deep mire a young cornet came up to show us our quarters—a hut situated on one side of the great central space. We were pushed and hustled into the tiny room, and what with the rain dripping through the roof and the mud we had brought in on our boots the floor was soon soft enough. Some dirty, damp straw was thrown on it, and here we were to spend the night, we three prisoners and four troopers to guard us.

We sat at our nauseous meal of mouldy black bread and shrivelled onions and red wine, sour as vinegar, of which, however, only a small cupful was given to me, and I was wondering why my lord and Count Robert, who were surely convinced of my innocence, had neither done anything to influence the general in my favour nor visited me in my great distress, when the door suddenly opened and Count Robert appeared. We all rose from our straw and stood respectfully before him. He looked gravely at me for a moment or two as though to read my thoughts, then turning to the sergeant he said that I was to accompany him to the general to answer the charges which would be preferred against me.

On our way to the general's quarters I implored Count Robert to tell me all he knew of this cruel charge which had been brought so suddenly against me, but he could tell me nothing except that the general seemed convinced of my guilt, and that he had in vain asked for the grounds on which the general had formed this belief. "Courage, friend," he said, "if thou art innocent, as I believe, then God will come to thee in thy extremity. That

is often His wise plan. I will do my best that no injustice be done thee."

Count Ulrich and his chief officers occupied the village parsonage, which had been long vacant, as I saw when I entered and observed the damp green walls and the rotting floors and ceilings. Before the door sentries were posted, and soldiers sat about in the dark passages. I followed Count Robert into the principal room, and a nameless fear seized me that something dreadful was about to happen, that I was the victim of a cruel plot to ruin me. I trembled in my weakness, and my eyes, dazed by the sudden blaze of light in the room, at first refused to take in the different objects around me.

I was very effectually aroused by the general's voice, cold and harsh, commanding



THE GENERAL TURNS INQUISITOR.

the sentry at the door to call the provost marshal. I looked round the room. The general sat at a rough table, and on either side of him stood three or four officers, among whom Count Robert now took his place. My lord I noticed was also there, and I felt hurt that he did not once look my way, but was seemingly engaged in interesting conversation with another officer.

In a moment the provost marshal appeared carrying my saddle-bags. These at the general's request he placed on the table. The common soldiers, the sentries, and marshal were then ordered to leave the room, an officer was told off to prevent listening at the door,

and I was ordered to approach the table. All eyes were upon me, and I know that I had turned deadly pale.

"Do you know anything directly or indirectly of the robbery of Count Robert's papers and money?" began the general in a sharp and vicious tone.

"Absolutely nothing, general," I replied.

"I have my suspicions, of course."

"On whom do these suspicions rest?"

I told him of the three strangers who were with us that night in the inn, and of my belief that they had set fire to the barn in order to entice us from the inn and thereby the easier to effect their malign purpose. The destruction of our grooms and the theft of our horses, I pointed out, would render pursuit impossible.

"General," interposed Count Robert, "that is also entirely my view of the matter."

"I did not ask you your view of the matter," snappishly returned Count Ulrich, and Count Robert could only be silent, but he flushed an angry red.

"I have reason to believe," resumed the general, addressing me, "that you know more of this matter than you care to say. Remember, I have some sharp methods at my disposal for extorting unwilling confessions. Do you persist in saying that you know nothing of this theft?"

"Has it come to this?" I thought; "he intends to put me to the torture." I felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, but I managed to stammer out that I was a faithful man, and that such an act as this treachery would be impossible for me.

"Well, we shall see. Count Rudolf, open these saddle-bags and lay their contents before us. But before you begin let me read a letter which I received early this morning just before we broke up camp. It is an anonymous letter, and I cannot guess from whom it originally came. It was given by a countryman, a sort of horse-dealer, I believe, to one of the sentries at an outpost. It is from no scholar certainly, and were it not so circumstantial I don't think I would notice it. You, my lords"—he meant Count Robert and my lord—"will now understand much which has been hitherto obscure to you."

"To the Lord General Count Ulrich von Süsswied—To-day you will meet Count Rudolf von Langenstein and his party on their way to join your camp. One of them is Robert of Radnitz, who has been entrusted by friends of the cause at Leipzig with important papers and a supply of French gold for you and Duke Bernhard. Should Count Robert fail to deliver his papers and money you will know that treachery has been at work, and you need not search outside the party itself for the traitor. Keep your eye on the parson.

"(Signed) A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE."

My lord and Count Robert looked at one another with astonished and puzzled faces, as well they might, and then carefully examined

the letter, which the general handed to them, but made no remark save that they did not recognise the handwriting.

"Now, Count Rudolf, open the saddle-bags."

My lord with anxious mien came forward, untied the strings that held together my poor little belongings, and took these out one by one, placing them before the general. I felt confused and ashamed to see my little store of patched and darned clothing submitted to the general's inspection. One book I had, Doctor Luther's translation of the Scriptures from the original—this the General looked at and tossed disdainfully aside. He was an honest man, but no Bible reader. Then my lord from among my clothes took out a tiny package which I did not recognise. At first I did not understand, but suddenly it flashed on me that I had never seen this package before. I had packed the bag myself, and I remembered it not. I was pale enough before, and agitated beyond endurance at the general's short and cruel examination of me, but when I saw this package opened and two or three gold coins of France and some silver pieces drop from it, and a moment after heard Count Robert's startled cry of recognition, I felt I was lost and sank on my knees to the floor.

Those who read this will think that being innocent I was utterly weak and foolish to betray so much infirmity, but I can only say in my defence that I think my body must have been weaker than my spirit. I was fatigued with several days' hard riding and indifferent fare. The events of that awful night of the fire weighed heavily on me, and the serious position in which I now found myself unnerved me completely.

Count Robert came to my assistance and raised me, taking occasion to whisper the one word "Courage." I felt that at least he did not believe I was a traitor; alas! a look at everyone else in the room, including my lord, convinced me that I need expect no mercy from them; that in their eyes I was a mean thief and traitor to the cause, who for a few gold coins would sell all that honourable men hold to be dearer than life.

"We need no further proof of this fellow's knowledge of the theft," broke in the general.

Count Robert, at the general's request, continued the search, but nothing further was found, no more money beyond the paltry sum on the table, and no papers. Of the large sum entrusted to Count Robert only sufficient had been put into my baggage to connect me with the theft. But the general was still not satisfied. He turned to my lord. "I must still know what relations this fellow of yours has had with the enemy which have induced him to act so treacherous a part. He must also tell us what has become of the dispatches and the rest of the money."

I turned an appealing look to my lord.

"My lord, speak for me," I said. "You know my life and every act of mine. This charge is monstrous, impossible. What do I

know of the enemy? what do I know but to faithfully serve you and to do my duty honestly?"

My lord spoke never a word, but Count Ulrich interrupted me with a harsh

"Silence, fellow! You shall go back to the provost marshal. We will know more of thy doings when we reach Naumburg. Yes, yes. I'll find out all about this matter. Call the provost marshal and a file of men. Provost marshal, put this man in irons, and see that thou answer for his safe appearance before me to-morrow in Naumburg."

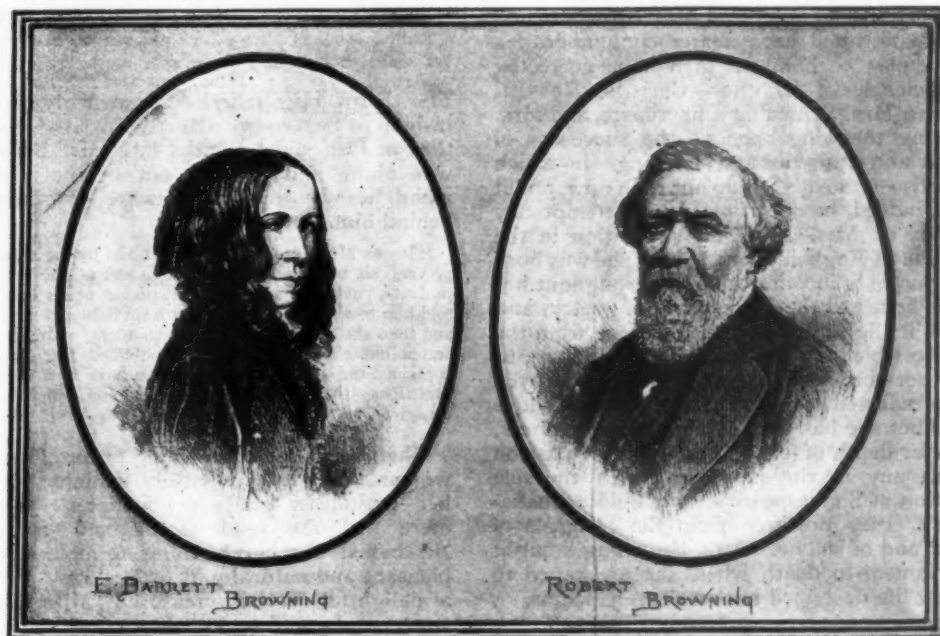
I knew not for a moment whether I was sleeping or waking, but again I felt the cold

iron clasp my wrists, and again the fierce brutal face of the provost marshal was peering into mine as he made some barbarous remark in my ear and hustled me out of the room.

Again through the mud back to my wet foul straw and my companionship of vagabonds. I sank down on the floor utterly exhausted, and the guards fastened iron clasps to my ankles, which were again bound to my waist with chains. My brain was in a whirl; sleep was out of the question. I envied my companions who in spite of their raw backs slept and snored the night long. How I longed for the morning, and yet dreaded it!



A LETTER OF MRS. BROWNING.



THE life of Elizabeth Barrett in her father's house before her marriage to Robert Browning, was passed for years on a couch in a darkened chamber. Mrs. Ritchie, in her sketch of the two poets, says that to those who had only known Mrs. Browning in her own home it seemed "almost impossible to realise the time before her home existed when Mrs. Browning was not, and Elizabeth Barrett, dwelling apart, was weaving her spells like the lady of Shalott, and subject, like the lady herself, to the visions in her mirror." The Letter which follows in facsimile bears date November 25, 1842, and was written to

her intimate friend, Mr. Boyd, four years before her marriage. It allows us to look in on her quiet life of eager and beautiful aspiration. Miss Mitford describes her as reading every book in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to poetry. Her critiques on Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge in this Letter bear witness to her reading and to her literary tastes. Still more interesting is the passage on doctrinal controversy. Theologians will not, perhaps, endorse these views, but they exhibit a great deal of sound sense and religious feeling. The whole Letter will be eagerly read by admirers of Elizabeth Barrett

Browning, and it affords an opportunity for saying a few words about the woman and the poet.

It may be thought, perhaps, a bold assertion, yet we think the statement cannot be contested, that Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti are the only two English women who hold a high rank among the poets of their country. There are women who have written lovely songs and graceful lyrics, there are some who have reached a fair measure of success as dramatists, but there is not one, with the exceptions we have mentioned, who has produced a mass of poetical work likely to live in our literature. A few who were once popular have already felt the hand of time, and no one in the present day would endorse Sir Walter Scott's judgment of Joanna Baillie, or accept the high estimate of Mrs. Hemans formed by some critics sixty years since. Both were delightful and highly accomplished women, with a great faculty for verse making, but neither of them, although sometimes coming near it, crossed the border-line that divides the gift of the verseman from the inspiration of the poet.

One cannot but wish that Mrs. Browning and Miss Rossetti had been nearer contemporaries and friends; each might then have corrected the deficiencies of the other—Christina Rossetti giving to Mrs. Browning a finertaste, and Mrs. Browning throwing open to the successor of Herbert and Vaughan a wider range in which to exercise her art. We do not wish now, and it would, indeed, be out of place, to attempt any criticism of Mrs. Browning's position in the royal line of English poets. That she was born in the purple is incontestable. Throughout her life she breathed the atmosphere of poetry, and lived in its light, and when she rose from the couch to which she had been bound so long, to marry her poet-king, each of them shone by a double reflected light. What her husband's love was to her she has told in forty-three sonnets, which for depth of feeling and glow of passion surpass any in the language, with the sole exception of Shakespeare's, and unlike Shakespeare's, they are free from the struggle of sorrow and of shame. Mrs. Browning thought she was near to death when she awakened to the new life described in these lovely poems.

"Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Would'st thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read

¹ Every reader of Mrs. Browning will remember the three sonnets addressed to Hugh Stuart Boyd. The following note attached to the one on "His Blindness" should be quoted here. "To whom [H. S. B.] was inscribed, in grateful affection, my poem of 'Cyprus Wine.' There comes a moment in life when even gratitude and affection turn to pain, as they do now with me. This excellent and learned man, enthusiastic for the good and the beautiful, and one of the most simple and upright of human beings, passed out of his long darkness through death in the summer of 1848, Dr. Adam Clarke's daughter and biographer, Mrs. Smith (happier in this than the absent), fulfilling a doubly filial duty as she sat by the deathbed of her father's friend and hers."

Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But—so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range;
Then love me, Love! look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange
For love to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven for earth with thee!"

There never was warmer and truer feeling uttered in verse than these sonnets exhibit. The Elizabethan sonnet-writers who address their Delias and Dianas are content for the most part with saying pretty things, but every line in this series of poems has in it the stamp of sincerity. In answer to the question how she loves, the poet exclaimed:

"I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

The Brownings married in a truly poetical fashion in September 1846. Mr. Gosse relates that at Pisa some months later Mr. Browning was alone and looking out of the window, when he was presently aware of some one behind him.

"It was Mrs. Browning who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning seated himself at the table and unfolded the parcel. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read his emotion and delight may be conceived."

The poet in Mrs. Browning never effaced the woman. She was intensely feminine, both in her prejudices and her affections. When a mere girl she read Greek and translated Æschylus, but her learning formed simply a pleasant and natural part of her life. "She is a delightful young creature," Miss Mitford wrote, "shy and timid and modest, with large tender eyes and 'a smile like a sunbeam.'" No poet—not even Milton himself—could have felt a deeper sense of responsibility than Elizabeth Barrett when she wrote "The Seraphim," but the theme was too great for her strength, and neither in that poem nor in the "Drama of Exile," will the reader find the qualities which have given her a high place among the poets. There is much in them that is beautiful, but more that seems strained; and her lyrics, being, like herself, wholly unaffected, and warm with poetic life, will hold her readers captive by stronger chains. They are very seldom perfect, but they are always beautiful, and sometimes, as in "The Cry of the Children," wonderfully impressive. Very

FACSIMILE LETTER OF ELIZABETH BARRETT (BROWNING).

ADDRESSED TO MR. BOYD.

Nov. 26th 1842.

My dear friend,

I have some good reasons as you desired
 as to the 8th edition of the Attention; and
 perhaps some parts prepared in my own mind
 for the probability of their not being in-
 serted. The Attention was only occasionally
 excessive poetry, & was not perhaps so
 so at all. Therefore you must not be
 surprised if they reflect upon me, more es-
 pecially as it is of a religious cast. Those
 I had seen before the second one? & advised
 to you that idea about the wedding of the
 end of opinion? I think so. ^{altogether} ~~altogether~~
 will not say that these poems appear

to me among the best you have written -
 for surpassed me very much by unobtrusively
 your appearance from the lines I quoted
 from Clive. Her intention was to
 express the idea solidly wholly, & by
 excluding the apparent presence of God,
 to make it solid not only to the
 senses, but to the soul.

So only twice that God himself

seems seems here to be.

So before, to my apprehension, was
 mixed so intensely, the feelings of de-
 votion & conscience

then I felt of public, my dearest old boy,
 I meant to every public - to every
public among critics. That voice and

my life: he was a poet & a wonderful
 poet - passionate - eloquent - pretty -
 with all powers of swift allusion &
 sarcasm & satire - full & rapid in
 the mechanical resources of his art,
 and capable of a supple & brilliant
 evagance of philosophic thought &
 argument? In many, in most of these
 points he is superior beyond all com-
 parison to Landow - who is not
 passionate - nor witty - nor successful -
 nor satirical .. nor brilliant. nor
 peculiarly flexible & facile in rhyme
 rhythm. Still, I am not, in my own
 mind, fully of inconsistencies, when I
 hold that Landow is the greater
 poet in the proper sense of poet, the

as Landow's greatest endowment once as I
 have only for him now - and as Landow
 for Byron once as I have against him
 now. I like never to be led by any sort
 of public, literary or otherwise. And I agree
 with you warmly that the present position
 of Decaying Byron as a poet is pitiable
 or rather contemptible, and it was but
 the other day that I expected a strong
 rejoinder to his life? & "Byron's" to "Cato"
 of course, limited disclaimer of any
 desire to see Rospic's castle, when he
 stood at a few yards distance from
 it among the Alps - you cannot praise
 Byron as a poet, with warmer words
 than are always ready for him on

than either the author of the Recension or the
of Childe Harold. ^{the}

My very dear friend, if it should please
God to permit me once again to go to
see you, I shall welcome it as one of
the pleasures left to me of many
others. But I would rather read any-
thing else for than the spectacles to the
Romans, just because it is probable
that we might not come precisely to
the same result in our review of
it. I have been to my own convin-
-tion very near death since I saw
you last, & have suffered the bitter-
-ness of death without obtaining it
in calm, and the effect upon my

profounder thinker, the nearest to the poetic
society of nature, more universal, more
elevated, more full & consistent in his
own poetic individuality, & more in-
-fluential for good upon the literature
of his country & age.

He expresses you allude to in Childe
is not quite as you repeat it. It is
not "white & red", but "large & red", or
"red & red". I don't exactly remember
which. It may be an exaggeration &
I don't pretend to admire it - but
it belongs to a poem which is one
of its kind; most original & supreme
in conceptions original & sublime
conception.. the work of a soul more
intensely poetical for the appreciation of mine

graceful and winning are such poems as "A Child Asleep," "The Deserted Garden," "Sleeping and Watching," "Cowper's Grave," "My Doves," "Little Mattie," and "A Child's Grave at Florence," although that poem displays a little prominently the poet's abuse of language. She is always womanly—may it not be said motherly?—in writing of children, and in that wonderful but provoking poem "Aurora Leigh"—a poem happily in which "The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud"—there is a baby picture unsurpassed for truthfulness and beauty:

"There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life,
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of it."

This is but a portion of a lovely passage which displays Mrs. Browning's pure womanliness, and in relation to the poem a story is told which shows that this character was as strongly marked in life as in her verse. The Brownings, as all the world knows, lived at Florence, and only in the summer months could Mrs.

Browning visit our cold climate. One day they started for England, taking with them their child and a box containing the manuscript of "Aurora Leigh." The box for awhile was lost at Marseilles, and "Mrs. Browning's chief concern was not for her manuscripts, but for the loss of her little boy's wardrobe, which had been devised with so much tender motherly care and pride."

In "Aurora Leigh" are some descriptive passages as true to nature as the best of Thomson's or of Cowper's, with a glow of feeling in them unknown to those poets; and there are lines, too, more terse and forcible than we usually find in Mrs. Browning's poetry. As a story, the plot is extravagant, if not absurd; but the charm of the poem is comparatively unaffected by it, and many a lovely passage rich in poetic beauty and instinct with womanly feeling will haunt the reader's memory. Indeed, on a first perusal he may echo Landor's enthusiasm, and say: "I had no idea that anyone in this age was capable of so much poetry. I am half drunk with it." Later on, when his excitement cools down, he may wonder that a writer familiar with the Greek poets did not learn from them to temper feeling with the reserve and moderation demanded by art. "An author," says Dryden, "is not to write all he can, but only all he ought"; but neither Dryden nor Mrs. Browning knew how to follow this wise counsel. Whatever may be her faults as an artist, Mrs. Browning has left such a legacy of poetry to her country that in thankfulness for such a gift fault-finding becomes ungrateful. Never was poet more justly honoured, or woman more worthily loved.

On Dark Days.

SPRING has gone, and Summer,—and the Autumn
Stormy tears is shedding as she dies;
Fluttering from the trees, the leaves are falling,
Sad farewells to one another calling,
While the wind among the treetops sighs.

Brown and dry they rest amid the shadows,
Mournful are the branches lone and bare,
Tossing outstretched arms as winds are sweeping,
And the rain is pitifully weeping,
Filling with her sorrow all the air.

Gone the mellowed glory of October!
Tarnished, all the splendour of her gold!
And the forest, where the beech-leaves glittered,
Now with withered leaves and dead boughs littered,
Naked stands, and shivers with the cold.

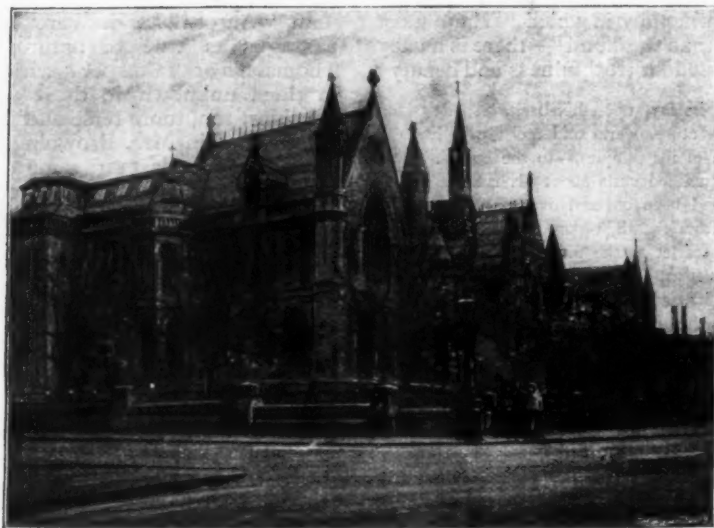
Death is there;—but not on all his mantle
Has been cast; for here and all around,
From beneath brown leaves, green mosses, peering
Fresh and happy, with no thought of fearing
Winter's reign, are carpeting the ground.

Trustful hearts, though winds and rains are fighting
Overhead and all the land is sad,
Humbly do their best the gloom to lighten,
Tears to dry, and sorrow's face to brighten,
Till the Spring shall make the woodlands glad.

M. C. TIPPLE.

MIDLAND SKETCHES.

NOTTINGHAM.



PUBLIC LIBRARY AND UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

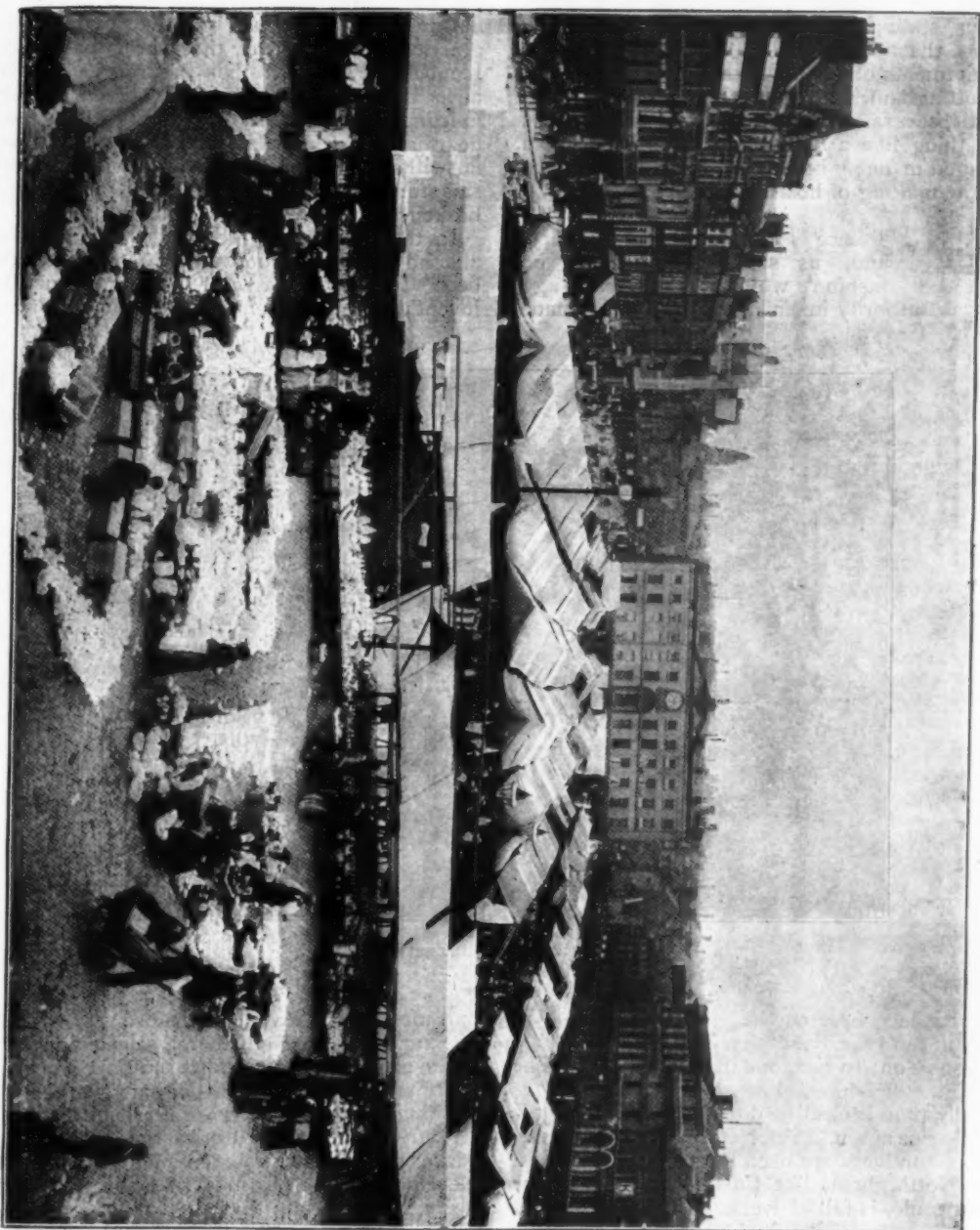
NOTTINGHAM is on the Trent, but not so much so as might be supposed. It touches the river with one finger—or two, if we count in the colliery—and from the isolated tavern at the tip of that finger it extends for three miles away. Its chief feature is the big market-place, covering more than five acres, on which, in the Goose Fair week, you will find seven steam roundabouts—roundabouts that are dragged into the town by traction engines—with steam organs and festive et ceteras, that amid a crowd of smaller shows produce a babel as of Baireuth gone mad.

It is an old town with but few survivals, for it is only within the last century that it began to grow. There are ten times as many inhabitants in it now as there were a hundred years since, a very different rate of growth to what prevailed in the days when, for two centuries, the small town of three thousand only increased at the rate of four people a year.

It has always had its castle, under the shelter of which it came into existence. In Norman and Plantagenet times that famous bulwark of the Midlands frequently brought it into history. And now its castle—after being demolished by the Parliament, and rebuilt as a mansion a quarter of a century afterwards, to be burnt by the “lambs” during the Goose Fair of 1831, and remain a blackened ruin for forty-four years—is its most conspicuous building, the property, for the next five hundred years, of its corporation, and one of the pleasantest art museums in the Kingdom.

The castle museum is not the only centre for the diffusion of that sweetness and light of which its population is beginning to appreciate the need. Besides the excellent School of Art at the Arboretum, there is the handsome block of buildings in Shakespeare Street, containing the Natural History Museum, the University College, and the Central Free Library. Nowhere has the Free Library movement been more intelligently developed. There are four branch lending libraries, one especially devoted to children's books; and, spread over the borough, there are no less than thirteen reading rooms and reference libraries; and in connection with these latter the energetic librarian has introduced a system of circulating libraries by which batches of books ordered in advance can be distributed from certain centres on much the same plan as railway bookstalls are worked. Another of the extensions of ordinary library work, due to Mr. Briscoe, is the system of having “half-hour talks about books and book writers” at the different reading rooms, in which, with as little formality as possible, a short lecture by well-known local men is given on some standard author, with a view of encouraging an interest in his works.

The college, with its technical institute, is, we believe, the only one in England under the direct control of a municipality. It has the usual lecture theatres, class-rooms, and laboratories, unusually well equipped. The students, day and evening, number over 1,800, and the class tickets issued in a session exceed 13,000,



BY PERMISSION

THE MARKET-PLACE, NOTTINGHAM.

OF HESSES, ROOT, NOTTINGHAM.

besides which there is an attendance of over 7,000 at the popular lectures, and of many hundreds who meet on Sunday mornings for Bible reading and elementary education. In addition to the college there is on Long Row, about a quarter of a mile away, a technical school for women, which is also in a flourishing state; and, in short, there are few towns that do so much for the intellectual requirements of its inhabitants.

Nottingham, with its forest and other open spaces, covers a considerable area. It contains something like a quarter of a million people engaged in many industries, the chief of which are the making of hosiery and lace.

Lace is more or less of a luxury, and, as such, is dependent on fashion's whim. Three years ago a local authority in an admirable paper made

Nottingham
Industries.

Hosiery. has practically never looked back since it began. When William Lee showed his first stocking-frame to Queen Elizabeth, and she turned up her royal nose at the coarseness of its work, he little thought where those would go to whom he had shown the way. He himself did not get much out of his invention, though it was one of the most practical and original the world has seen. Iconoclastic research has assured us that he never married, that he never watched his lady knitting, and, inferentially, never had a sweetheart at all, Elmore's picture to the contrary notwithstanding; but it leaves us with the same sad story of his going to France, and dying, broken-hearted, in Paris in 1610.

In the hosiery and lace trades it is remarkable how all the main inventions appear to have been English, and how not only all the inventions found their way to the Continent,



MAKING SEAMLESS HOSE.

out that lace became the predominant fashion once in ten years, and that it lasted for three seasons—one to rise, one to culminate, and one to fall. Fashion, however, changes more rapidly than it used to do, and lace-making is on the rise again. Silk laces have almost gone, but cotton laces are used for so many purposes, that Nottingham, like Calais, which is in the same trade, is full of work. In bad years the trade is only sufficient to keep half the machines going; then it is that the workmen have to find other occupations, and hence it is that Nottingham has so many other trades, such as engineering, cycle making, tanning, making wickerwork and ready-made clothing; its spinning being merely an adjunct to its lace and hosiery factories.

Hosiery is a necessity, and the trade in it

but most of the inventors themselves, to build the machines and die there. Even nowadays there are English manufacturers in France and Germany employing Nottingham workmen in making lace and hosiery on English frames.

During the three centuries that have elapsed since William Lee's invention, the men who developed it into our modern hosiery machines were so numerous that we cannot give even their names, though mention cannot well be spared of Strutt, who gave us the rib machine, or of Sir Marc Brunel, to whom we owe the round hosiery frame that William Cotton improved into the form now in use.

The most startling thing at a hosiery mill is to find that the material is made circularly. Enter a long floor of machines—at Morley's, for instance—and from every machine you will

find that there rises a hollow cylinder of newly made stuff, so that you seem to be in a forest of windsails or waterspouts. Gradually, these lengthen upwards, and as they near the ceiling are hauled up on a roller which spins with them. The slender needles form a ring fence of steel around a drum. There is but one thread, and every needle catches it with its beard as it passes, while sloping wheels traverse the inner side of the fence, and the momentary pressure and slip are given, during which the loop is made. Some of these cylinders are a couple of feet through, but that does not represent the bodies of the garments made from them.

The material, whether cashmere or merino—cashmere in the hosiery trade being wool, while merino is wool and cotton—is dressed as if it were a flat piece of tweed, and it is not easy to keep it flat owing to its tendency to stretch out of shape. Templates are then laid on it to give the patterns of the different pieces of which the shirts or what not consist, and these being chalked round, give the lines along which the shears are run, the parts being afterwards sewn or knitted together by machinery. In fact, the bulk of our hosiery is made in a similar way to our ready-made clothing, with the exception that it is knitted as a tube, instead of being woven as a flat sheet.

In a few other rooms you will find the smaller stuff being made on the flat in the old way, and shaped on the flat; in others you will see the ribbing machine producing the tops of socks and the ends of shirts, and the other parts of a garment where a grip is required. Elsewhere—at Lewis's, for instance—you will see the hosiery made seamless, the articles being knitted complete on one machine.

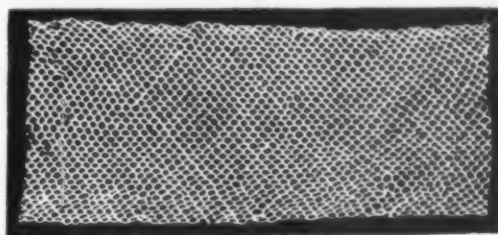
Heathcoat's
Invention.

The lace machine is an offshoot from the hosiery frame, though it has developed out of all resemblance to its ancestor. In the long line of its inventors the most prominent name is that of John Heathcoat, of whom Felkin has a little story to tell. One eventful Saturday Heathcoat returned home, and his wife asked him, as she had often done before, "Well, will it work?" His reply was "No! I have had to take it all to pieces again." "Though kindly spoken in encouraging tones," says Felkin, "yet it was with an almost painful calmness; and she was constrained for once to sit down and cry bitterly. Happily, she had confidence in his ultimate accomplishment of the task he had set himself. Her loving and brave heart had only to wait a few weeks more, when the hoped-for result came, and she had the first narrow breadth of machine-wrought traversed net placed in her hands by him, of whose talents and success, and the honourable influence to which they led, she was justly proud. That piece of net, after being worn some years, was verified on oath, and an impression from it is given"—here. It is worth looking at. It may be shabby, but its very deficiencies are interesting, as telling a story of

hope and endeavour. One feels he was proud of it, and who would not be so? Remember it was the first; and marvel at the patient ingenuity which produced it. He soon did better things; but that is not the point. We can do better things than he did on machines to which his have long had to give place, but that does not detract from his merits as the pioneer.

Lace Patterns. The machine now used in the fine lace trade is that invented by Levers, and since improved, which, in its present state, is about the most ingenious piece of mechanism known to man. Wonderful as is the machine, perhaps the most puzzling thing about it is the way in which it automatically produces the pattern. How does the design get on to the mechanism?

Lace designs are generally beautiful drawings in light body colour on a dark ground, but some of them are mere tracings from the fabric, on which a few trivial alterations are pencilled. Whether they be drawings or tracings they are, to begin with, ruled out into a network of small squares. A sheet of drafting paper is then taken, similar to the sectional paper used by engineers, in which large squares of an inch or so on the side, are subdivided into faint small squares, each of about the tenth of an inch. The large squares of this paper answer to the squares of the design, and in each of them the corresponding fragment of the pattern is sketched. Square by square the drafter goes over this sheet, and in the small, faint squares into which each is divided, he lines in the arrangement of the threads necessary to produce that portion of the pattern, showing where each thread must come in and go out. The squares of the design are numbered, as are the large squares of the drafting paper corresponding to them; and the constituent minor squares are also numbered. A sheet of paper ruled in double columns in red is then taken, and on this the numbers are entered one under



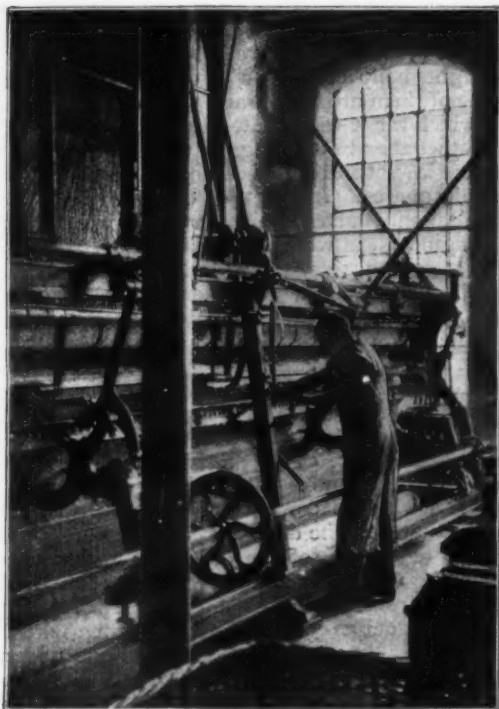
THE FIRST PIECE OF MACHINE-MADE NET.

the other; the pattern, thus reduced to a column of figures, being thereby made ready to be transferred to the cards.

The Cards. A narrow slip of thin millboard is placed in a machine in which a group of keys in a steel box act horizontally on vertical plungers in such a way that when a key is pushed a hole is punched corresponding

to it. This is the piano machine, its working being like piano playing, or, rather, concertina playing, for the keys are round instead of flat, and are pressed in from the side instead of being struck on the top. The operator reads off from the columns of figures as if he were reading music, and plays away merrily for a few seconds, during which the strip emerges from the machine with a row or so of round holes that are sometimes four or five together, and sometimes at wide intervals in twos and threes, or isolated.

A few of the holes are larger than the rest, and evidently do not belong to the pattern. These are to take the lacing, by means of which the cords are strung together. The lacing



THE CURTAIN LACE FRAME (FRONT VIEW).

apparatus is a gigantic sewing machine, with a big cylinder taking the place of a flat plate, and the shuttles as large as a fist working vertically. As the cylinder revolves the cards are laid on it, much as if they were going to be printed, and as they reach the top, the shuttles, which are at equal intervals apart, dart down and back again, and sew the cards loosely together in such a way that the set complete looks like a long venetian blind. As each pattern may take a thousand cards or more, the accumulation of millboard in a lace factory is enormous, and tons of it, representing obsolete and unsuccessful patterns, have to be periodically carted away.

These cards act as the brain of the jacquard. As they move they pick and choose among the

bars, which are its nerves, and stimulate them to act on the leaders, which are practically the muscles, with which it gives the warps their movement.

In a Levers machine the jacquard stands on the floor at one end of it, and its leaders are bars; in a curtain machine it is placed overhead, and its leaders are strings, every lift of the perforated roller over which the cards are passed swinging a different combination of warps, for in lace machines the warps are vertical, drawn from below upwards, passing through thin brass bars which work lengthways along the machine, and that only slightly; and the bobbins work not along the warps as the shuttles in weaving, but through them from front to rear.

These bobbins are not in the least like shuttles. Each is composed of two thin discs of brass rather larger in diameter than a penny, the two together being about as thick as a shilling, the thread being wound between them. To see them wound is a lesson in the unexpected. Seven or eight inches of them are run close up on to a spindle, so that they look like a thick round bar of brass. At the other end of the winding machine is a sort of amphitheatre crowded with upright spools, from each of which comes a thread, which is separated at equal distances from its neighbours by being passed through a slay or comb. As they lay in front of the winder these threads are about an eighth of an inch apart from one another. The winder takes what looks like a pencil, passes it beneath the band of threads, lifts them up on to it so as to keep them at the same intervals, then slopes the pencil so as to bring them quite close together, and passes them over the bar of bobbins, so that a thread is slipped on each. Then a touch to a catch, the bobbins spin round, the indicator at the back moves its hand round its dial, and when a hundred yards have been wound on, its bell rings and each bobbin is full.

But the bobbins with the thread between them are more bulky than is desirable. To remedy this they are slipped on to a rod, some eighteen inches of them, and then sheaves of them, two at a time, are placed in a press and squeezed and locked to keep them in position; and then baked in a gas oven to drive off all the moisture in the thread, and cooled in a cold chamber; and after all this they are fit for use. How thin these bobbins are may be guessed by looking at a piece of net. Notice how close are the meshes, and between vertical threads as close together as they are, the bobbins have to pass, not once or twice, but thousands of times, at a rate of a hundred times a minute, as yard after yard of the net is made.

A lace machine may have four thousand of these bobbins working at the same moment; and in some cases there are more. In the finest approach to real lace that is made there are eight thousand bobbins in the machine, and these are side by side all in one row, and all

within a width of twelve feet. As a duplicate set has to be wound while the other set is working, and as in the factory we have taken as an example Mr. Sheriff Radford has sixty machines going, the number of bobbins that are in evidence runs into millions.

The Levers
Machine.

But each bobbin must ride in its "carriage," the carriage being a flat piece of steel with ear-like catches at each side, and a round hole, in which the bobbin rests on a verge, and is kept in place by a spring. This carriage must be as thin as the bobbin to pass through the threads as they sway to and fro, passing on one side of the threads as they go, and on the other as they return, so as to give the twist by which the lace is made. Stand in front, and they seem to be passing through a thicket ;

The Curtain
Machine.

Complicated as these lace machines appear, those used for making curtains are more so. Here we have not only the bobbins and the warps, but an extra set of threads coming into play, owing to the pattern using up so much more of a few threads than of the rest at any particular moment. Such an irregular and capricious demand makes it impossible to work these threads from a beam, and each has to be worked from its own reel. This may sound simple enough, but it means that at the back of the machine stands a sloping platform, on which, in a compact crowd, are 2,000 of these reels, like a regiment in close order, twenty in file and a hundred in rank. As the machine works, this mass of reels appears to be afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. Not for a moment are they all still. Some move quickly, then slowly,



A GROUP OF MENDERS.

the combs lift, the bars gently shog as the threads slant and open, the carriage slips through and back again. Below are thousands of straight threads, a few of them twitching ; above is the pattern appearing, and veiling the sundries of the mechanism. Stand at the end, and you see the long roll of bobbins dandled backwards and forwards through the warps with the regularity of a pendulum, as the machine jolts and thrills and hums with the speed at which it runs. All along the line the same pattern is being made over and over again ; for the machine is worked its full width, and as many strips are produced at a time as fill up that width, there being between each strip a draw thread, which is taken out at the final stage, so that the strips then fall apart ; and every curve and scallop in the edging has its intervals filled in with net, which is eventually cleared away in a similar manner.

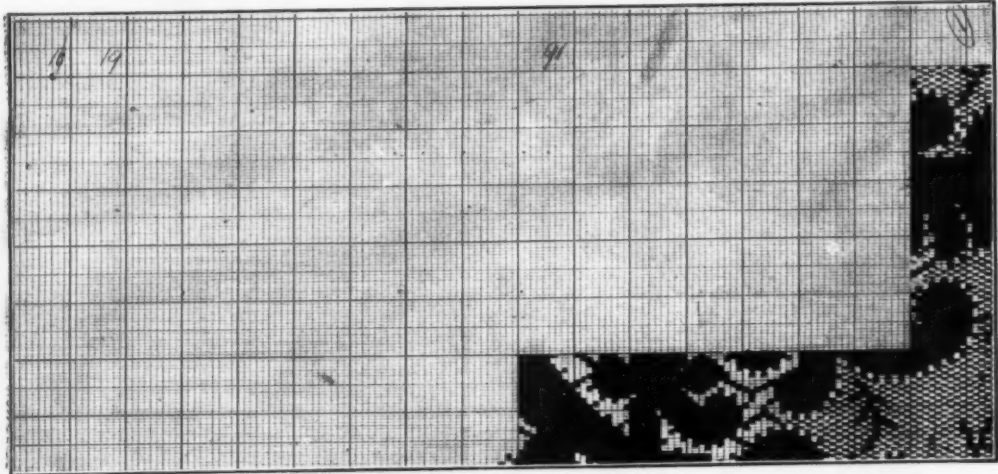
then stop ; then others twirl for a round or two, some jerkily, some steadily ; then they pause, and go on again furiously—each of the two thousand giving an occasional twitch, and having its turn in time to rest, to run, and to take it easy.

Curtains are made on machines that are twenty feet long, and as many as fifty full length curtains are made in a piece, perhaps four of them side by side at a time, as was the case with the pattern we give as showing the drafting, for which we are indebted to Messrs. S. Peach and Sons. As in all lace-work, the few gaps due to broken threads have to be made good with the needle, and not the least interesting stage in the manufacture is that in which groups of women are with wonderful deftness of hand busily engaged in these trivial repairs.

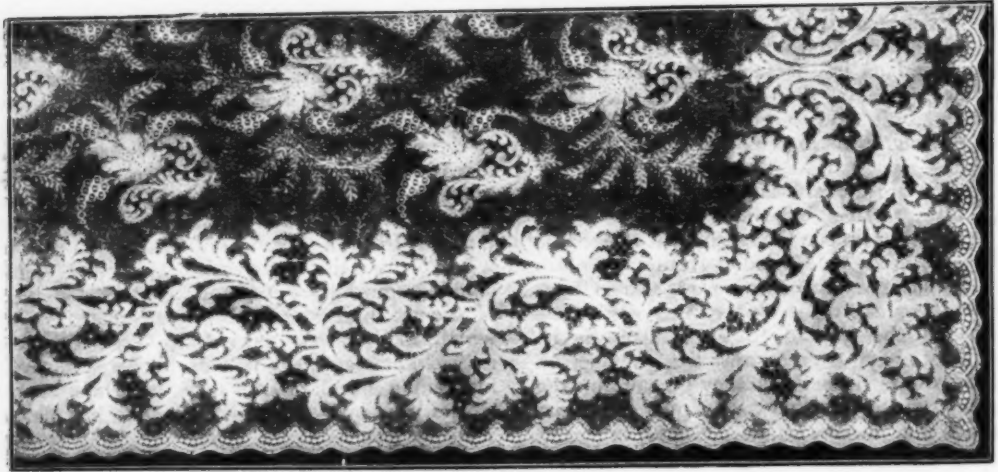
Lace machines are not limited to the pro-



1, THE DESIGN.



2, THE DRAFT.



3, THE CURTAIN.

THE CURTAIN AS DESIGNED AND DRAFTED. (See page 91.)



TAPING CURTAINS.

duction of nets of regular geometrical form. The most irregular patterns in net-work can be produced on them, the arrangement of the threads being merely a matter of drafting. A year or so back the embroidery machines of Plauen and St. Gall went ahead with patterns that pleased, but Nottingham, with this new drafting, is again in the race with the Swiss.

Lace Dressing. It is at a lace dresser's that can best be seen the wonderful variety which Nottingham lace machines can produce. Here the lace comes to be cleaned and bleached and dyed and starched and ironed on huge cylinders, that take it in wet, and, dealing with it among a multitude of rollers, deliver it smooth and stiff and ready for separation into strips. Here are curtains being bound at a rate that will astonish you.

In long, low rooms, with many windows and an array of fans revolving overhead, you see some of the lace stretched on frames two hundred feet or more long, like skeleton tables, with adjustable sides; for cotton expands in drying, while

silk contracts, and that to such an extent that, were not the pull to be lessened at times, the fabric would split across throughout its length. Here are ladies' veils, sixty yards long and twelve feet wide, through the length of which you can only just trace the draw-threads which divide them up into the familiar widths.

And here—at Lindley's, at least—you see one of the most ingenious processes known in textile manufacture. The finest-figured black silk laces, used for flounces and what not, are much too fine to be made by themselves, and so they

are woven into cotton sheeting in such a way that, as they enter the machine, they look like heavy black brocades. The machine is a gas furnace, and its temperature is so regulated that it burns away the cotton and leaves the silk; and, as the fabric emerges



FOLDING.

from it, the cotton is like thin flakes of burnt paper, which are flicked off, leaving the silk, unharmed, as fine as gossamer, with the rich pattern showing no trace of having thus been passed through the fire.

W. J. GORDON.

FUTURE KINGS.

BY MARIE E. BELLOC.

THE position of an heir apparent or king to be, requires, in the present state of the world, the possession of exceptional judgment, tact, and discretion. Before the days of constitutional monarchies each Crown Prince generally found an outlet for his superfluous energies on the field of battle or in organising the military forces of his country. Nowadays even these occupations are denied to him—first, because his life is considered far too valuable to be risked in anything save a war directly affecting the welfare of his country; and secondly, because there is a growing tendency to consider as unsuitable anything on the part of an heir apparent savouring of interference in the active management of any branch of the composite elements which go to make up the State. And so it not unfrequently comes to pass that a prince apparently born to sovereignty finally finds himself obliged to take over, more or less gracefully, the rôle of looker-on, and that he sees his own son reap the benefit of all that he has himself unobtrusively achieved during years of apparent inaction.

This has been specially the case with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It seldom seems to occur to any of his critics that his children, including the Duke of Clarence, who grew to manhood, universally esteemed, and much beloved in his own circle, remain enduring if silent witnesses of their father's many admirable qualities, for it is well known that the Prince and Princess of Wales themselves planned their two sons' education, and the result of their efforts seems to have been, as far as the nation can now judge, peculiarly happy.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, Baron Killarney, led, during those years of his life that preceded the sad event which brought him into sudden prominence as the probable future King of Great Britain, a very much more adventurous, and, it must be added, more interesting life than that which often falls to the lot of those destined to

sovereignty. He seems to have been possessed from early childhood with every instinct and quality associated with a love of the sea, and early made up his mind that he at any rate would keep up the naval traditions of the royal family. When he was seven years old "Prince George's" future profession had been fully settled in the Sandringham nursery, and among those who encouraged his love for the navy was the late Rev. Lake Onslow, one time Chaplain to the *Galatea*, and Naval Instructor to the Duke of Edinburgh. Another clergyman who exercised a far-reaching influence on both the Prince of Wales' sons was Charles Kingsley, and the story goes that during his yearly visit to Sandringham Prince "Eddie" and Prince

George were always allowed to sit up to an hour past their bed-time in order to hear the author of "Westward Ho" tell them marvellous tales of adventure by land and sea. When Kingsley lay dying at Eversley the two royal brothers each wrote to him expressing in childish language their grief at his illness, each note being accompanied by a little sketch drawn by the writer.

The Duke of York, or Prince George of Wales as he was then styled, joined the *Britannia* at Dartmouth on June 5, 1877, two days before his twelfth birthday. By the special desire and strongly expressed wish of the Prince of Wales, no distinction was made between the royal and other naval cadets, and during the two

years which followed, Prince George made many friends among boys belonging to very different worlds and conditions of life, his dearest chum, however, always remaining his thoughtful and studious elder brother; and when, finally, it was settled that Prince George should take a long cruise in the *Bacchante*, it was arranged, to the great satisfaction of both, that the princes should not be parted.

The *Bacchante* was commanded by Lord Charles Scott, and on August 17, 1879, the future Duke of York began a brilliant naval career, destined to be abruptly closed twelve years later. It was during his first cruise that Prince George visited a considerable portion of Greater Britain; but although the princes were



H.R.H. DUKE OF YORK.
(Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street.)

greatly fêted wherever they landed, they were not allowed to neglect their duty on board ship, and at no time has it ever been averred that favouritism of any kind was shown to the



H.R.H. DUCHESS OF YORK.
(Photograph by Walery, Regent Street.)

two royal middies. By the time he was nineteen, Prince George was the senior midshipman in the Service, but his elder brother, Prince Albert Edward, had given up the navy, and was safe back in England.

The Duke of York's naval appointments have been many and various. His service on the *Canada* made him familiar with the North America station, and he subsequently served with the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Alexandra* and the *Northumberland*, the latter being the flagship of the Channel Squadron. Only in 1890 was he entrusted with a separate command, that of the gunboat *Thrush*.

After a singularly healthy boyhood and manhood, much of which had been spent in tropical and more or less dangerous climates, Prince George while on a visit to the Duke of Clarence, then stationed at Dublin, sickened with a peculiarly virulent form of typhoid fever, and scarcely had the Princess of Wales' second son recovered from a serious illness, than the tragic event occurred which brought with it, coupled with keen personal sorrow, a bewildering change in the life and prospects of the Sailor Prince.

With a regret said to be scarcely tempered by the time that has elapsed since the Duke of York succeeded to the cares and responsibilities of his new position, Prince

George quietly gave up one by one all the interests in which his life had hitherto been bound up. His elevation to the peerage was considered an indication that his connection with the navy was entirely at an end; but his temporary appointment to the *Melampus* seemed for a short time to indicate that His Royal Highness desired to keep some kind of connection with his old life. He soon found, however, that it was impossible to play two such different rôles, and with rare force of character he made up his mind to become and remain a landsman.

In May, 1893, came the announcement of the Duke of York's engagement to Princess Victoria of Teck, and since his marriage, which took place in July of the same year, the Duke has entirely settled down to the curiously active and yet uneventful life which seems to be ordained for all those who would fain be ideal heir apparents or heir presumptives.

Very little is known as to the personal tastes of the prince who will probably live to be George V. He seems to have possessed, both as boy and man, all the British love of making collections, and during his many voyages he collected, in addition to the usual curiosities beloved of sailors, a very remarkable set of colonial stamps, both the old and new issues. Since his marriage the Duke has devoted a portion of his scanty leisure to making a fine collection of prints bearing on all the public and private events of importance connected with Queen Victoria's reign; and a selection of these engravings is hung round the library at York House. In the Equerry's Room are carefully displayed in sunk glass tables the

curious presentation trowels and keys accumulated by the Royal couple during the last three years, which alone tell an eloquent tale of the kind of business in which their lives are spent.

Both the Duke and Duchess keep most of their personal property at York Cottage, Sandringham, and it is there that the Duke has arranged his many valuable and curious mementoes of his naval career.

Excepting when they are spending a few quiet days in their country home, it is rarely that forty-eight hours elapse without bringing some kind of more or less public engagement to either the Duke or the Duchess of York.

A glance at the Duke's engagement book shows all that can be accom-



THE BABY PRINCE.
(Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street.)



CZAREWITCH.
(Photograph by Cognel, Paris.)

plished by order, method, and limitless resources, coupled with an anxious desire to meet the wishes of all those who have, or fancy they have, a claim on their future king's time. Both the Duke and Duchess are following closely in the steps of the Prince and Princess of Wales; but there is something pleasantly human in the fact that the Duke of York is never seen and heard to more advantage than when he is acting or speaking in favour of a naval institution, for he knows, as very few can do, the hardships that encompass the lot of Jack Tar.¹

THE CZAREWITCH.

The most strangely contradictory rumours have been constantly rife as to the health of the present Czar, the Emperor of Russia's younger brother and present heir, for, according to Russian law, only the Czar's son or other male heirs may inherit the throne. As long ago as the winter of 1890, the Grand Duke George was said to be dying of consumption, and yet he does not seem to have become more appreciably delicate than he was at that time.

Alexander III never forgot that he himself had succeeded his elder brother, and he always

¹ During the recent visit of the Czar to Balmoral, a charming glimpse of Royal child-life was given in one of the graphic letters of the "Daily Chronicle": "There are lots of Royal children about the Queen just now, and, according to gossip, she sees most of them in the course of the day. Prince Edward of York is getting to take quite an intelligent interest in what goes on about him. He makes a capital picture in his sailor-hat, from beneath which there falls down a cloud of sun locks. He, too, goes about with his nurse, and the way in which he responds to the salutation of a passer-by is a study in childhood. If you are a loyal subject you naturally lift your hat to a future English king. In any case you would lift it when you came under the blue eyes of Prince Edward of York. The nurse had probably brought his attention to the fact that somebody was saluting him. Then up to the forehead would go the chubby right hand, and with a grave sweep it would come back to his side again. He is beginning early to learn to be a king, but you can see he thinks he has made progress by the delightful way in which he looks up into his nurse's face after giving one of these salutes."

bitterly lamented the fact that he had not been really trained for the position to which he ultimately succeeded. The same mistake was not made with his own sons, and as much attention was paid to the education of the Grand Duke George as to that of the then Czar, the Czar, the Czar. Curiously enough, neither of the royal lads was taught Greek or Latin; modern languages and a thoroughly useful education were considered, in the opinion of both their parents, of primary importance.

Prince "Georgie," as he is known in his family circle, was remarkably strong and healthy-looking till comparatively lately, and the first signs of delicacy did not manifest themselves till he reached his twentieth year. During his childhood he was the life and soul of the Imperial family, and a great affection united all three brothers—that is, the present Emperor, the Czar, the Czar, and the Grand Duke Michael.

Born on May 9, 1871, the Grand Duke George was twenty-four years of age when his father died, and one of his elder brother's first official acts was formally to acknowledge him "Czar, the Czar, the Czar, until God shall bless the Emperor's marriage with Princess Alex by the birth of a son." Acting by his mother's, the Dowager Empress', express wish, the Czar, the Czar, the Czar, has pursued since his brother's accession a very elaborate kind of treatment for his chest delicacy, and this is already said to be working wonders. He is an advocate of the German open-air cure systems, and during his winter sojourn in the Caucasus always sleeps with open windows, and lives in a fashion which would decidedly appear a kill or cure method to most British doctors. Thus, there are no carpets on the floor of his plainly furnished suite of apartments, no curtains, no hangings—in a word, nothing that can harbour dust is allowed to come near the Imperial invalid; and during his stay last



PRINCE OF NAPLES.
(Photograph by Giacoma Brogi, Florence.)

year in the south of France his rooms were carefully prepared in the same manner, and plain wooden furniture was substituted for the somewhat gorgeous suite which had been sent him by the French authorities. Curiously enough, the Czarewitch seems to thrive far better in a cold than in a warm climate. He spent a winter in Algeria at El-Biar, a village within a few miles of the town of Algiers, and it is said that he chose the French colony because of the airy Moorish villa style of architecture which is prevalent there.

Some time before the late Emperor of Russia's death, it was rumoured that he had begged the Grand Duke George to allow himself to be passed over in favour of his younger brother the Grand Duke Michael, a fine-looking lad who is just sixteen, and who has already entered the Russian army as Honorary Colonel of an Infantry Regiment, and who, in case of the present Czarewitch's death, would, of course, bear the title till a son was born to the present Emperor. There is in Russia a wide-spread belief that there will never be another Czar Nicholas, and many good things have been prophesied, both of an Emperor George and of a Czar Alexander.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

On November 11, 1869, one of Victor Emmanuel's court chamberlains stepped to the front of the royal box in the opera house of San Carlo at Naples, and announced, in a loud voice, that the Crown Princess, "the Pearl of Savoy," had just given birth to a son, a future King of Italy. The enthusiasm aroused by the news, not only at Naples, but all over Italy, astonished even the King himself. The people spontaneously organised public fêtes and rejoicings in honour of the event, every town in the country contributed a share of the Royal baby's layette, and Naples gave the *Principino* the quaint cradle which can now be seen at the historical Museum of Capo-di-Monte.

It need hardly be said that from the hour of his birth the Crown Prince of Italy was watched over almost too sedulously; the more so that he was extremely delicate, and that both his young parents had a very high ideal as to the fashion in which the education of a future king should be conducted. His first teacher was a Miss Lee, an English lady, but his mother, to whom he has remained exceedingly devoted, made it her duty and pleasure to be present at all his lessons, and while he was still quite a



PRINCESS OF NAPLES (HÉLÈNE OF MONTENEGRO).
(Photograph by Adèle, Vienna.)

child, he and Princess Margherita, as she then was, were often met walking over the historic sites of Rome, guide-book in hand, and attracting no attention from the passers-by. Had it not been for his mother, the prince, on whom had been bestowed the names of Vittorio Emanuele Ferdinando Maria Jennaro, would have spent a very sad and serious childhood. The old Italian nobility kept aloof from the Quirinal, and accordingly the *Principino* had no play-fellows of his own rank or age. When Humbert I succeeded Victor Emmanuel the Prince of Naples was just ten years old, but this fact made practically no difference in his daily life and education; indeed, speaking

of education in the narrower sense of the term, there is no doubt that the future King of Italy has been over- rather than under-educated. A very elaborate syllabus was drawn up, and he was obliged to go steadily through every item, studying, in addition to all that is taught the ordinary schoolboy, the language, history, and special accomplishments common to France, England, and Germany.

So severe was this course of instruction that the prince's health finally broke down, and then came a violent reaction, and the royal youth was ordered to ride, walk, and indulge in every form of violent exercise; but he has not acquired anything of the robust strength of his famous grandfather, although he is said, by those who have many opportunities of judging, strongly to resemble the latter in character and the general bent of his intellect.



DUKE OF SPARTA.
(Photograph by C. Boehringer, Athens.)

As a child he had an exceedingly violent temper, and on one occasion he seriously informed a lady-in-waiting who had annoyed him, that when he became king he would have her head cut off! His father, to whom the incident was repeated, told him to apologise, and on his refusing to do so, ordered him to be shut up in a dark room. When the door was finally opened the *Principino* rushed out and exclaimed triumphantly, "I still mean to have her head cut off, after all!"

The prince was, like his father, brought up to be a soldier first and a prince afterwards, and, notwithstanding his physical delicacy, he seems to have taken very kindly to the life. When attending the yearly manoeuvres as Colonel of an infantry regiment, he bears every fatigue in an exemplary manner, setting an example both to his men and to his superiors in the matters of endurance and of obedience.

The Prince of Naples was extremely anxious to accompany the Italian army to Abyssinia, and he was bitterly disappointed when his father refused him permission to do so. Till lately he has always kept entirely aloof from political life, and it was impossible for those round him to ascertain his views on any of the questions now concerning the inner political life of Italy; but as soon as the terrible story of Adowa reached the country, the prince, without apprising any one of his intention, left Florence, where he was then stationed, and going unaccompanied to Rome, sought an interview with his father. What exactly occurred will probably never be known. It is however quite clear that the heir apparent made no secret of his violent objection to Crispi's line of policy, and implored his father to recall the Italian troops from Africa. The King is said to have replied, "Victor Emmanuel II may do so, Humbert I never will." Bitter words followed, and for a time it was seriously rumoured that the *Principino* had been placed under arrest in the Quirinal. At no period of his career has the Prince of Naples been so popular with his future people as during the days which followed his impetuous act.

The Prince has travelled all over Europe during the last few years, and he must have gathered a very fair idea of the general trend of foreign life, social, political, and commercial. He spent some time in England and Scotland five years ago. The prince also paid a long semi-incognito visit to Belgium, choosing to be called "Comte de Polenzo." In Brussels, as in London, he made a special point of going round the museums, for he is an enthusiastic numismatist, and he paid a visit to Oxford in order to glance at certain unique coins now kept in the Bodleian. It was hoped in Italy that the prince's visit to Belgium might portend his engagement to Princess Clementina, but the strained relations existing between the Quirinal and the Vatican made it practically impossible for the future King of Italy to seek a wife of his own faith. His marriage to the charming princess

of the Black Mountains, Hélène of Montenegro, may be said to have been an ideal way out of a painful and delicate situation.

The Prince and Princess of Naples have many tastes in common, and the marriage greatly delights that ever-increasing section of the Italian people who object to the triple alliance, for Italy's future queen is to all intents and purposes a Russian, and though speaking French, English, and Italian fairly well, knows scarcely any German. The prince met his future bride at the Emperor of Russia's coronation, and the match may be said to have been arranged by Nicholas I. Like her husband, the Princess of Naples is devoted to horses, and rides exceedingly well; she has charming manners, and her remarkable personal beauty has already won her many suffrages in a country where personal appearance is perhaps unduly considered.

It is curious to note that in the case of the Prince of Naples' death the present King of Italy's heir would now be the young Duke of Aosta, the husband of Princess Hélène of Orleans, and a prince said to be, together with his wife, on very good terms with the Italian clerical party.

THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

The King of Greece is said to have exclaimed on some occasion, "I have brought up my sons to believe that they will become as nothing in the kingdom, if they do not make themselves worthy, by personal efforts of their own, of the rôles which they will have to play in future years." And then he added, with legitimate pride, "They have already accomplished much, and, even were they not of royal blood, they would still be able to make their own way in the world." The Duke of Sparta is one of the many European heirs apparent who is closely connected by relationship and marriage with the sovereigns of Britain, Prussia, and Russia. His mother was a daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, and he is said to be very like her in character—that is to say, reserved, observant, and with a touch of Russian finesse. He is also declared to be by far the most intelligent of the four brothers. All the children of the King of Greece were brought up by an old English nurse, and so it came to pass that even their babyhood was cosmopolitan in character, and they could speak Greek, English, and German long before they could read or write in any language. When the Duke of Sparta was ten years old, his education, and that of his younger brothers, was confided to a German and to a Greek tutor, the King reserving to himself the privilege, as he believed it to be, of teaching his eldest son the glorious traditions of the people over whom he would ultimately be called upon to reign.

The simple and somewhat severe training to which the Duke of Sparta was subjected bore good fruit, and a curious little story shows

how seriously he took, even as a boy, his position to heart. Seeing a number of military cadets about to take part in a sham fight, he begged to be allowed to join them, without his name or rank being revealed to them. As luck would have it, the Crown Prince was the first to reach the goal, and then, in the heat of the moment, he revealed his identity by turning round and exclaiming, with a proud smile, "It will always remain the duty of a Prince to lead the way."

Before making up his mind as to where the Duke should complete his education, the King of Greece made a tour of the European capitals, and, without stating his object, inquired most carefully into the training afforded to the youth of the different countries he visited. At one time he was strongly inclined to send his heir to Oxford, but he finally abandoned the idea in favour of the mixed university and military training dear to modern Germany. Accordingly, Prince Constantine, as he is known among his friends, studied at Heidelberg and Leipsic, and was well drilled at Berlin. Even as a boy his military education had not been altogether neglected, for he had attended the classes of the Cadets' School at Athens.

While in Germany, the Crown Prince of Greece won the special favour of William I, who himself conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle, a distinction almost invariably reserved for older men. It was at this time that the marriage of the Duke of Sparta first began to be discussed. His engagement to Princess Sophia of Prussia was hailed, with scarcely a dissentient voice, as an extremely fortunate event for the kingdom. The young couple, who seem to have early made up their minds that they were made for one another, were privately engaged a few days before the death of the bride-elect's father, and the event received the full assent and sanction of Frederick the Noble. The marriage took place at Athens on October 27, 1889, the Duke being twenty-one years of age, just two years older than the Princess Sophia, who happened to be—although the fact was not generally known—one of the wealthier marriageable princesses in Europe; for she inherited £100,000 by will from her father, to which £20,000 was added by the Empress Frederick; her State portion of £15,000 paid for her trousseau and for every incidental

expense connected with the marriage, while she was, and is, entitled to an annuity of some thousands a year from the Hohenzollern family fund.

The Duchess of Sparta is the favourite sister of the Emperor William, but he was extremely annoyed when she joined the Greek Orthodox Church, the more so that, instead of asking his advice or permission, she simply told her mother that she wished to join her husband's faith, receiving from the Empress Frederick the following comforting advice: "You are quite right; your children will belong to the Greek faith, and therefore their mother ought to hold the same belief."

Rumours of King George's abdication in favour of the Duke of Sparta have been very

rife of late years, and should this event come to pass, there is no doubt that the Crown Prince would follow out his father's prudent general policy. He is devoted to the country of his birth, and his distinctly patriotic sentiments will make his position comparatively simple when he has to steer between his personal and political relationships to the German Emperor on the one hand and to the Czar of Russia on the other.

The birth of a son and heir to the Duke and Duchess of Sparta in July of 1890 greatly consolidated the position of the heir apparent, and caused intense delight in Greece; for there is an old tradition that, whenever a son is born in Athens to a Prince and Princess named respectively Constantine and Sophia, the Greeks will soon recover possession of Constantinople. And it is whispered that the Duke

of Sparta hopes to see a Greek solution put forward as a way out of the Turkish difficulty.



PRINCE BORIS.

(Photograph by C. Pictner, Vienna.)

PRINCE BORIS.

The youngest heir apparent in Europe is little Prince Boris, for he was born at Sofia on January 30, 1894, and probably no infant royalty has ever found himself so eagerly discussed at so early an age; indeed, at one time the proposed change in his religious relations seemed about to produce quite a series of international complications. At the time of his birth, however, no one troubled themselves as to whether the baby was to call himself Roman or Orthodox. The news that an heir

had been born to Prince Ferdinand was received with the greatest joy by fiery little Bulgaria, for it was felt that the event would very probably lead to the kingdom's being acknowledged by the European Powers. The question



PRINCE OF BEIRA.

(Photograph by Camache, Lisbon.)

of the child's religion was, at that time, considered finally settled, for on Prince Ferdinand's marriage to Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Parma, the bridegroom had signed an agreement that all the children should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. The events that followed are fresh in many minds. The much talked-of conversion of Prince Boris was a very simple matter for the baby himself. His nurse placed him in the Sacred Chair, a short ceremony was gone through by the Greek ecclesiastical authorities, and the newly made Orthodox prince was taken away as soon as his presence was not actually necessary. Several very handsome presents were sent to Prince Boris on the occasion, notably by the Sultan, who presented him with a wonderful talisman com-

posed of gold filagree work, studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. As it was known that his mother had violently objected to the whole proceeding, there was a suggestion that Prince Boris should be brought up entirely outside the sphere of her influence. She threatened, however, to appeal, if need be, to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria, and accordingly little Prince Boris was shortly after given back to her care, and there is little doubt that the Princess, who is a very intelligent woman with opinions of her own on almost every subject, will play an important part in the training of her eldest son. As is the case in many royal nurseries, Prince Boris' own nurse is an Englishwoman, and the Princess was herself educated by Miss Mary Frazer, a Scotchwoman, who has remained with her as lady-in-waiting.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

Another infant heir apparent who will probably owe much to the training of his mother is the Prince of Beira, Duke of Braganza, heir apparent to the King of Portugal. He was born on March 21, 1887, two years before his father succeeded Dom Luiz, and at a time when the then Duke and Duchess of Braganza occupied the gloomy palace of Belem at Lisbon. A good deal of discussion took place as to what name should be given to the future Crown Prince of Portugal, and finally he was christened Luiz Philip after his two grandfathers. The present Queen of Portugal, who was, it will be remembered, the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, is devoted to her two sons, and gives up a portion of each day to their education, which is entirely supervised by herself. Like his father, Dom Carlos, the Prince of Beira is being brought up as a sailor, and his mother, who is a great advocate of the British system of education, has taken care that his physical should equal his mental development.



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A NEW WORLD ARISTOCRACY.

THE years from 1875 to 1889 were marked in the United States by centennial celebrations which have left behind them a new feature in American social life. The celebrations were in honour of hundredth anniversaries of episodes and events in the breaking away of the American colonies from England, and of the formation of the thirteen revolted commonwealths into the Republic of the United States.

The celebrations began in 1875, with the centennial of the Battle of Lexington. In 1876 there was a great exhibition at Philadelphia, to mark the centennial of the Declaration of Independence. These were followed by celebrations in honour of the surrender of Yorktown to the Colonial forces; in honour of the centennial of the formal evacuation of New York by the British troops; and finally, in 1889, by the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States.

Widespread interest was aroused by these centennials. They quickened the interest in everything that pertained to the birth of the Republic; and while this interest was being felt, there were ushered into life nearly a score of societies formed of descendants of participants in the events of the period of '76. These societies still exist, and are extending their ramifications and adding to their membership year by year, as their social value impresses itself on those whose ancestry gives them the privilege of including themselves within the New World Aristocracies.

Before these new revolutionary societies came into existence, there was already one institution dating from the Revolution. This was the Society of the Cincinnati, established by the officers of Washington at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson in May 1783. The eight years' struggle with the mother country was then at an end. It had resulted in a complete victory for the Colonies; and to perpetuate the remembrance of this vast event, and the mutual friendships which had been formed under the pressure of common danger, the officers of the American army associated themselves "into a society of friends, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their oldest male posterity; and in failure thereof, the collateral branches who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members."

The military officers who thus associated

themselves were at this time going back to their homes in the thirteen commonwealths to begin life anew. Travel in those days was both expensive and difficult; and to render gatherings of the new society more practicable it was agreed that the members should associate themselves into State Societies. These State organisations were to meet on July 4 each year; and at least once in every three years there was to be a national meeting of the society.

The aims of the Society of the Cincinnati were patriotic and benevolent. The members were to "devote" incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they had fought and bled; "to promote and cherish between the respective States that union and national honour so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American Empire;" and finally to aid those fellow officers and their families who might be under the necessity of accepting such help.

To carry out the last of these aims each officer forming the society contributed a sum equal to one month's military pay to the funds of the organisation in his State; and these contributions were so numerous, and the funds of the organisation so carefully accounted for and invested, that to-day several of the surviving State societies have large sums standing to their credit. The Society of the State of Massachusetts has between £8,000 and £9,000; that of New York has £5,500; and that of New Jersey has nearly £5,000; while the Washington and Lee University in Virginia is in the enjoyment of £5,000, which was transferred to it after the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Virginia was dissolved in 1803.

The smallest subscription paid by an officer in 1783 was about £5 10s. It was based on one month's pay of a lieutenant in the forces of the lately revolted Colonies. The largest was over £33, and was based on the pay of a major-general.

Many illustrious Frenchmen were of the continental armies. They were included in the Society of the Cincinnati; a society like those existing in the several States was established in France; and in acknowledgment of the assistance from France in the struggle with England, it was determined that the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati should be a medal of gold, suspended by a deep blue ribbon edged with white, symbolical of the union of France with America. The decoration was much prized in the United States and in France; and it was worn at the Court of Louis XVI until the outbreak of the French Revolution.

In America the Society of the Cincinnati



SOCIETY OF THE
CINCINNATI.

encountered much opposition. It was objected that a body existing by hereditary right would become a privileged aristocratic class, antagonistic to the spirit of American institutions as they were then being developed, and a dangerous element in a Republican commonwealth. The Society was attacked on all sides, and Congress threatened to disfranchise the members unless they abolished the hereditary principle. The Society of Tammany, now notorious as Tammany Hall, of New York, came into existence as an embodiment of the popular opposition to the Society of the Cincinnati.

All this popular opposition told on the Society, and in 1784, within a year of its establishment, a new constitution was proposed, in which the hereditary principle had no place. Even at this time, however, only comparatively small interest was taken in the general meetings of the Society, as distinct from those of the societies in the various States, and the proposed alteration in the constitution was never confirmed. As a consequence the Fishkill constitution has remained the constitution of the Society, and the hereditary principle has survived.

The Society, however, has never been numerically strong. Apathy soon characterised many of the members who joined the Cincinnati in its earlier years, and in the first decade of the nineteenth century, several of the State societies, like that in Virginia, were dissolved. Only in six or seven out of the thirteen original States has the Society been continued until to-day; and in 1876, when the modern interest in the period of the Revolution was beginning to revive under the stimulus of the celebration of the various centennials, the members of the Cincinnati were, it is stated, not more than four hundred strong, and the surviving organisations had become little more than exclusive social clubs.

The first of the modern Revolution societies dates from 1876. It came into existence at a point on the American Continent as far as could be from the scene of the events commemorated by the centennials celebrated in the period from 1875 to 1889. It was organised in San Francisco. In 1876 the Fourth of July was celebrated with more than usual zest and display in every part of the United States. On the Pacific Coast, interest in the centennial celebrations was as active as in the older States, and from among those who took part in the celebrations in San Francisco there was established a society whose members gave themselves the name of "Sons of Revolutionary Sires." Membership was confined to those who could

prove that their ancestors took part in the Revolution.



SONS OF
THE REVOLUTION.

In 1883 the centenary of the evacuation of New York was celebrated with much stir and enthusiasm, and out of this celebration arose the organisation of the Sons of the Revolution. This New York organisation at once became popular, and it gave the great impetus to the movement for the formation of Revolutionary societies. Kindred associations were formed in many of the States, and in 1889, when the hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President was made the occasion of another great celebration in New York, there came into existence a second organisation arising out of the movement of 1883. This is now known as the Sons of the American Revolution.



SONS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The two organisations have almost identically the same aim. The organisation of the Sons of the American Revolution was due to some misunderstanding as to the relations of the first society to the associated societies in other States than New York.

The purposes of both societies are social, educational, and patriotic. Their aim is to perpetuate the memory of the men who, by military, naval, or civil services, achieved the independence of America, and to further the celebration of the anniversaries of such events as Washington's birthday, the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, the capitulation of Saratoga and Yorktown, and the formal evacuation of New York by the British army on December 3, 1783.

To secure admission to the Sons of the Revolution, documentary proof must be forthcoming that the candidate is of Colonial ancestry, and that one of his ancestors served in the Revolution, either in the naval or military forces or in a civil capacity. Such services must have been rendered between April 1775 and April 1783, between the outbreak at Lexington and the end of the war.

Unlike the Society of the Cincinnati, membership in the newer societies of the Revolution is open to the descendants of men who were of the rank and file of the Colonial forces, and of men whose services to the Revolution were of a civil character. When membership is sought by virtue of the services of an ancestor who was a minute man or a militiaman, it must be shown that the ancestor was actually called into the service of the State, and performed either garrison or field duty. When membership is sought in respect of services with the naval forces, it must be proved that the ancestor rendered other than shore duty—that he served in an armed vessel; or if membership is claimed through an ancestor who served as a privateersman, it must be proved that he was

enrolled in the ship's company otherwise than as a passenger. In the case of services of a civil character, it must be proved that these services were sufficiently important to have rendered the official liable to arrest and imprisonment in the same way as a combatant if captured by the British, as well as liable to conviction of treason against the Government of England.

No service on the part of an ancestor qualifies a descendant if the ancestor, after assisting in the cause of American independence, either went over to the British or failed to maintain an honourable record throughout the war. When there is no surviving issue in direct lineal succession, the claim of eligibility descends to, and is limited to, one representative at a time in the nearest collateral line of descent. There is no limit to the number of direct descendants eligible to the societies. Up to the end of 1896 between thirteen and fourteen thousand members had been admitted to the two most important societies.

In the earlier years of the new societies women were admitted to the anniversary dinners and to the receptions as visitors, but they had no share in the management. This exclusion did not suit them, and accordingly, in 1890, an association known as the "Daughters of the American Revolution" was organised. One of its purposes is to encourage historical

research in relation to the Revolution, to publish the results, and to preserve documents and relics and the records of individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots. Another aim is to carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people—"To promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," thus developing an "enlightened public opinion, and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop

in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens." A third aim is to "cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom, foster true patriotism and love of country, and aid in securing for mankind the blessings of liberty."

Admission to the Daughters of the American

Revolution is open only to those who descend from some man or woman "who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence."

The new association at once became popular with American women. The desire to prove a revolutionary ancestry spread as such popular fads are apt to spread in America; and since the Daughters of the American Revolution were organised, half a dozen or more other societies have been founded, membership in all of which is confined to women of Colonial descent.

The National Society of Colonial Dames of America came into existence in 1891. It is more exclusive than the Daughters of the American Revolution, as membership is restricted to women "descended in their own right from some ancestor of worthy life," who came to live in the American colonies prior to 1750, and who also rendered efficient services to the country during the Colonial period. To the first of the Revolution Societies, ancestral services rendered between 1775 and 1783 are a passport. The Colonial Dames demand more. This society has been established in all the thirteen original States where families of Colonial ancestry are most numerous, and where people are inclined to pride themselves on their Colonial descent.

As these groups of societies advanced in popular favour, and were seen to confer some social distinction on their members, other societies were established to meet the need of people who could not trace their ancestry to Colonial times, but who yet regarded themselves as possessed of some claims to hereditary distinction. Prominent among these is the Society of United States Daughters. It embraces not only the descendants of Revolutionary ancestors, but also the descendants of the men who fought in the war with England in 1812. This society has not the vogue of the Daughters of the American Revolution, or of the Society of Colonial Dames. It is confined to a few States; and in Louisiana, the constitution of the Society specially provides that only white women shall be eligible for membership.

The sphere of all these new societies is largely social. The members meet at dinners, or at receptions and balls, on Washington's birthday, and on the anniversaries of the more important events they wish to commemorate. To some extent the societies work in the interest of history. Several of them have raised handsome monuments to the heroes of '76; and some of them spend portions of their funds in setting up tablets at the places made memorable by the war of the revolution. They have done some serious work in the direction of en-



DAUGHTERS OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



DAUGHTERS OF THE
REVOLUTION.



THE SOCIETY
OF COLONIAL DAMES.

couraging children in the schools to study American history with zest and appreciation; and among other changes in American public life attributable to their efforts, is the increasing glorification of the American Flag. The societies have procured the establishment of Flag Days in many of the States. On these days the Stars and Stripes are hung out from thousands of homes. The societies have also widely extended the custom of continuously displaying the Flag from the public buildings and the school-houses; and generally, they have given the Stars and Stripes a more prominent place in the daily life of the American people than ever before.

These are the public results of the new movement. On the members, the Revolutionary Societies have conferred a social distinction, somewhat difficult to make clear to people in an old and settled country like England, but one which is greatly prized in the United States, especially in the smaller and more provincial centres of population. Each of the societies publishes an annual. In this are the names and full pedigrees of the members, and among the members themselves the Revolutionary Society Annuals are prized in the way that Debrett and Burke are popularly supposed to be prized in England by the people whose names appear in those volumes.

To understand how eager people are to be of these societies, it is only necessary to pay a few visits to a public library. The librarians tell, with a little impatience at having to make the admission, that seventy-five per cent. of the

people who use the reference library do so solely in order to make genealogical researches. Town histories, town records, which give the names of those who took part in the Indian wars, and the military lists of the Colonial period, are the volumes in demand. These books are hunted through with the greatest earnestness by people who are anxious to be of one or other of the Revolution Societies.

For several years past all the libraries have been thronged by men and women making genealogical researches. I have worked side by side at a library table with hundreds of these genealogical students. It is possible to tell them at a glance. Sometimes a little tragedy attends these researches. I heard one girl in South Carolina remark to the librarian as she handed back the books, "I have found mother's. That's all right; but I wish I hadn't looked up father's."

A little later on I was at work in one of the State libraries in New England. At the same table was an old farmer who was hunting up his family history, as he announced, for the benefit of a niece then living in a Western State, who was anxious to join the Daughters of the American Revolution. With much worry, and finally with the aid of the librarian, the farmer got on the trail. He was exultant at finding that his ancestor was actually of the Revolutionary forces; but when he followed his record a little further, exultation gave place to dismay. The ancestor deserted; and so vanished all chance for the niece to become a Daughter of the American Revolution.

What the Children Say.

WHEN the light has nearly gone
And the shadows fall,
When the sun is rolling on
Like a ruby ball,
Down into a golden cup
Drops the orb of day,
Which a giant hand holds up;
So the children say.

Where a darker circle lies
On the dewy lawn,
Seen by little eager eyes
At the early dawn,
There the kelpies dance and sing—
There the pixies play—
Round and round the magic ring;
So the children say.

Though we tremble in the dark
At a goblin crew,
Ghosts will vanish when the lark
Wakes the world anew;
Though our hearts be filled with pain,
Though our heads be grey,
Kisses make them well again;
So the children say.

Somewhere lies a wondrous land
Where the fairies wait;
And but few can understand
How to find the gate:
Those who seek it by themselves
Always go astray,
And are mocked by merry elves;
So the children say.

There of emerald is the grass,
And the paths of gold;
There no evil comes to pass—
Nobody grows old:
If we'd fail not in the quest,
We must find the way
With the one we love the best;
So the children say.

You and I are old and wise,
Sadder than of yore,
Yet before our jaded eyes
Open stands the door:
If we enter hand in hand—
Happen then what may—
We shall be in fairyland,
As the children say.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE WOES OF JOHN TRELILL

BY CHARLES LEE.



A CHAP COULDN'T HAVE TWO SWEETHEARTS.

IV.

MEANWHILE, the unsuspecting object of this matrimonial plot was going about in all innocence to frustrate it.

John issued from Mrs. Pollard's door just in time to see Vassie's shawl vanish round the corner.

"'Tis a fine evenen'," he said to himself aloud. "Sim' me I'll go for a bit of a stroll down 'long."

So saying, he turned his back on the homeward way, and followed the shawl down the street.

It was a straight, narrow alley, preposterously steep, and paved with cobble-stones after the manner of Pendennack alleys, which is such that you might be pardoned if you mistook them for the dry beds of mountain torrents. The stones are of every size, from a pea to a pumpkin, and seem to have been expressly arranged for the purpose of impeding rational

progress. Even in primeval times they can hardly have presented a level surface to the passenger's foot; and now they have learnt, from secular experience, a hundred merry devices wherewith to entrap the unwary. Some are round and beautifully polished; your foot treads on them and slips forward; you may recover yourself, or you may fall on your back. Others are flat, and set ingeniously edgewise; these are intended to send you on your face when you trip against them. There are unsuspected hollows which give you an exciting if momentary sensation of treading in empty space when you are expecting firm ground; there are hillocks, equally unexpected, which stub your toes if you are going up, and send you staggering if you are going down. And all this on a slope so steep that each forward step jolts and twists every joint and tendon. Truly it requires a steady head and a firm foot to descend a Pendennack street on a dark night. Hence a joke against Pendennack

nack, current in the neighbouring towns. Pendennack prides itself on its native sobriety. When a Pendennack man boasts of this in the presence of Porthjulyan or St. Enys folk, saying that a tipsy man is never seen in *his* town, the legitimate retort is that all the tipsy men have long ago broken their necks, going down-along.

John swung clattering down the street after Vassie. Her airy tread made light of the difficulties of the way. To make graceful progress down a steep hill is difficult almost to impossibility; yet Vassie contrived to do it. Daintily she tripped along, without a slip or stumble, as surefooted as a sandpiper on the rocks at low tide. At the difficult places she lifted a balancing arm, as the bird lifts its wing, and seemed to flit over them without an effort. John's eyes were full of her; he saw nothing else; 'twas a wonder he did not stumble and fall twenty times.

The distance between them remained the same. John had not the courage to diminish it. Perhaps he never thought of doing so; for under the stress of unaccustomed emotion his wits were not working very clearly. He felt drawn to follow, but hardly knew why; he might not have admitted that he was following, even.

The alley ran down to Fore Street, which skirts the harbour wall. At the bottom Vassie paused, and, hearing the clatter of footsteps behind her—'tis to be supposed for the first time—looked back and saw John. John was seized with a sudden timidity, and looked right and left for some means of escape; but no side turning was at hand, nor even a friendly door. 'Twas too late to turn back, so hot and cold by turns he blundered on. His treacherous legs got in each other's way, his perfidious arms swung about his body with unseemly awkwardness, and Vassie waited, smiling roguishly.

Face to face with her he hesitated, and then, with a short nod, was for passing on. But Vassie stopped him.

"Da gone home yet, John?"

"No, 'a b'lieve," muttered John, almost inaudibly.

A pause ensued.

"Got your 'llowance safe, John?" asked Vassie, twinkling.

"Ess, 'a b'lieve." Plague take his voice! Could it find no middle course between a whisper and a bellow?

Another pause. John gazed intently at a dinghey which was being scissored across the harbour by a man in a white jacket.

"'Andsome weather, John."

"Ess, brae 'andsome." His eyes got as near to Vassie as the upper window of the house behind her, and then sought the dinghey again.

The silence was oppressive. He must say something for shame's sake.

"Most like summer time," he ventured with brilliant inspiration.

"So 'a es," assented Vassie graciously.

Come, he was getting on! He glanced at

the ground by her feet, while preparing a luminous remark about the fishing prospects. One little foot peeped out from her skirt, a fitty little foot, sure enough. He found himself staring at it, when it suddenly disappeared. He reddened, and the promising flow of conversation was checked.

"Mus' get back home," said Vassie now. "Mus'n' stand chatting any longer. You'd keep a body all night listening to your taelk, so you would, John," she remarked satirically.

John forced a laugh.

"Good night ti' 'ee, John," she said.

Now that she was going, his slumbering courage awoke.

"'Ere!" he called. "Sim' me you've forgotten somefen."

"How?" asked Vassie, returning.

"Dedn' Mis' Pollard say for 'ee to go to Mason Harry, an'—"

Vassie rippled over with laughter.

"Aw, I don't pay no 'tention to that. That's what she d' allers say when she want to get rid of me. 'Step down to Mason Harry,' she d' say. 'Get out, thou maid, an' liv me to my courting,' she d' mane."

John laughed too, and their eyes met; and looks and laughter did their work.

"Sim' me she's a brae long time choosing," said John, quite easy and confidential.

"Ess, well. Maybe she d' mane to slight them both. There's a chanst for a likely young chap yet, John Trelill," said Vassie slyly.

It was astonishing how quickly John was progressing. For answer he looked Vassie straight in the face, in a way there was no mistaking. She averted her eyes. He grew bolder still.

"I edn' goen to make up to *she*, you may be sure," he said, coming a little nearer.

Vassie retreated.

"Good night ti' 'ee, John!" she laughed, and left him standing.

He stood and stared after her. She disappeared round a corner, and still he stood and stared.

"That's a maid all auver!" said a hoarse voice behind him.

John turned. A venerable old gentleman, in his socks and shirt-sleeves, was lounging, pipe in mouth, in a doorway almost at John's elbow.

"Aw, dedn' knaw you were there, Uncle Hannibal," said John, rather disconcerted.

"That's a maid all auver," repeated the old gentleman. "They knaw how to be artful. They don't need no larning to catch the chaps. No, 'a b'lieve!" and he slowly wagged his head.

"How?" said John, indignant and uncomfortable.

"They do make up to 'ee, an' make up to 'ee," said Uncle Hannibal, waving his pipe to sea and sky, "tell you start making up to they. An' then, flip!—off they runs, an' before you knaw, you're running arter 'em, a brae cooce, auver hedges an' ditches an' gaps an' stiles. Aw, ess! they d' knaw; they've

got the faculty, 'a b'lieve. 'T'es a clivver saying o' mine, that the manen o' marriage is this. Men be fools by natur'; but they don't know it, an' the women do. 'T'es larning agin ignorance, that's what 'a es. And I've another brave auld dialogue which says: 'When a chap and a maid do come together, chap shuts his eyes tight: maid aupens hers a bit wider. How should chap look to have a chanst? Man's human, but woman's woman—'at's what I d' say in my smart way."

Here a shrill voice came from within—

"Hannibal, thou g'eat lazy rogue, come thee w'st in, an' g' out for a jug of water this minute!"

Uncle Hannibal nodded with mournful meaning.

"I was catched that way myself," he said; and disappeared.

John went slowly along the street homeward, turning over in his mind every little circumstance of the late interview. And all the way it was—"How ded I go to say *that*?" and—"How dedn' I say *this*?" and—"What was her manen when she said *so*?"

And then—"Sim' me, I'm a g'eat fool. How dedn' I arst to putt her home?"

In vexed meditation he lifted his hand to stroke his chin, and encountered a prickly crop of bristles. Shame overwhelmed him. *He* to think of putting a fitty maid home, with his face like a hedgehog's back! Was it likely that she would be seen walking ten yards with him? He was shamefully neglectful of appearances. He would go home and shave at once.

v.

IN the kitchen of John Trelill's cottage sat his daughter, Nannie, a bright maid of thirteen, and her dearest friend for the time being, a girl of about the same age, whose name was Lucy-Jane. With their arms about each other's waist they sat and discussed the private concerns of the neighbours with a fluent zest and insight which the most experienced fish-wife in the town could not have surpassed.

As they sat and talked, in lounged Clunker, and sat him down by the door.

Nannie and Lucy-Jane nudged each other and giggled. Nannie whispered to Lucy-Jane, and Lucy-Jane slapped Nannie. Lucy-Jane whispered to Nannie, and they both began to gaze perseveringly out of the window.

If all this was intended to embarrass Clunker, it failed of its effect. He stretched his legs negligently before him, and sat thoughtfully eyeing his boots and rattling the contents of his pockets. In a trial who shall keep silence the longer your maid labours under a constitutional disadvantage, as even Clunker knew.

Soon Nannie and Lucy-Jane began whispering again. Then Nannie looked over her shoulder.

"Hullo, Clunker!" said she.

"Hullo!" said Clunker.

"Edn' 'ee goen to say nawthen to we?" asked Nannie in mock entreaty, while Lucy-Jane's shoulders shook.

Clunker grinned amiably.

"'Cos, ef you edn' got nawthen to say, you med as well fit 'n get out," said Nannie.

Clunker's grin expanded an inch or so.

"We don't want to be plagued with the chaps, do us, Lucy-Jane?"

Lucy-Jane pinched Nannie, Nannie pinched Lucy-Jane, and the two fell to giggling again. Clunker sat unmoved.

"Well, how don't 'ee go when I tell 'ee?" asked Nannie.

Clunker took his hand from his pocket, and ostentatiously examined something round and flat and white, which lay in the palm thereof. But as the maids had their backs to him, the action passed unnoticed.

"Out o' my kitchen to wance!" exclaimed Nannie, still without looking round.

Clunker began spinning the object in the air and catching it. Nannie and Lucy-Jane heard the ring of metal, and faced about simultaneously.

"What's that you've got, Clunker?" asked Nannie with sudden interest.

Clunker held it out between finger and thumb.

"Half-a-crown, ef I d' live!" exclaimed Nannie admiringly. "'Llowance, a' b'lieve?"

Clunker nodded.

"'A es, an' 'a edn'," he said mysteriously.

"How?"

"'Llowance was half-a-crown, sure 'nough; but this 'ere identical half-crown edn' my half-crown, f'rall that," said Clunker. "Ma, she took an' grabbed et; but I warn't goen to be putt upon like that. So I runned home-along, an' fooched another out o' the tay-pot 'pon the mantel-piece where she d' keep her running pence. She don't get auver me. I'm a smart chap, I am."

"So 'a es; edn' 'a, Lucy-Jane?" said Nannie.

"Aw ess, brae'm smart!" said Lucy-Jane with fervour, gazing fondly on the coin. "How'st goen to spend 'nt, Clunker?"

"Aw, maybe wan way, maybe 'nother," said Clunker.

"Clunker's swettard 'ull have a fine treat now," said Nannie.

"Swettard!" echoed Clunker contemptuously.

"Aw ess!" nodded Nannie. "We d' know; don't us, Lucy-Jane? You an' Susie Cattran. We d' know all about et."

"'Ere, what's this?" shouted the indignant Clunker.

"'At's what Susie do say," Nannie asseverated. "'I've fit an' took Clunker for a swettard," she say."

"Med have arsted me first," said Clunker bitterly. "These here maids! I don't look to 'ave no swettard."

"What's a chap without a swettard?" said Nannie to Lucy-Jane.

"Nawthen 'tall. I'd be 'shaamed," said Lucy-Jane to Nannie.

"Maybe, though, Clunker edn' big 'nough yet," said Nannie sweetly. "Et's true Alferd Harvey's been putting a maid about a brae while, an' he edn' no aulder; but then he's a bigger chap, 'a b'lieve."

"Ess, a brae sight bigger," agreed Lucy-Jane.

"I can beat en though!" declared Clunker. "I can beat en; marvels or fistes, I can beat en!"

"An' Alferd's a 'andsome chap, too," continued Nannie, taking no notice.

"I c'd smash the oogly face of en, ef I wished!" cried Clunker, stamping furiously.

"Et's the 'andsome chaps get the pick o' the maids," said Lucy-Jane.

"An' smash en I will!" yelled Clunker.

"An' aw, to be'old Alferd stroathing along so bauld, arm a-crook weth his maid!" murmured Nannie rapturously.

Clunker jumped up and strode to the door, a mighty resolve impressed on every feature.

"Where goen, Clunker?" they cried.

"Goen to sarch for my maid," said he.

"Thy maid, sayst?"

"Ess, Susie Cattran to be sure. She's my maid, edn' 'a?"

His hand was on the latch, when Nannie ran to him and pulled him by the arm.

"What's want wi' Susie Cattran—a silly snooling little baby? How don't 'ee take *me* for a swettard?"

"No, me!" cried Lucy-Jane, seizing the other arm.

The youthful Macheath hesitated, not swayed by amorous doubts, but vaguely envisaging a plan for surpassing Alfred Harvey.

"A chap cuddn' have two swettards to wance, s'pose?" he said dubiously.

"How shuddn' 'a?" asked Nannie.

"Plenty do that, 'a b'lieve," said Lucy-Jane.

"Well, then, I'll fit an' take 'ee," said Clunker resolutely. "But look!" he added suspiciously, "I edn' a-goen to marry 'ee—not both of 'ee for sure, an' maybe nuther wan."

"Edn' no vi'lence for that," said Nannie.

"Plenty o' time. We're young yet," said Lucy-Jane.

"An' look!" said Clunker again. "I waan't have no kissing nor coling at all. 'Tes fullishness, an' I don't wish none."

"Aw, Clunker dear!" protested Lucy-Jane. "What's courting without kissing? I never heerd o' no s'ch thing, not I dedn'!"

"I edn' goen to kiss no maids," said Clunker obstinately, "an' so I tell 'ee."

"How's goen to court us, then?" complained Lucy-Jane.

"How?" said Nannie. "Why, sim' me, ef Clunker should fit an' putt his little swettards down to Mis' Maddern's, an' buy them a lot o' nice sweeties, that 'ud be grand."

"Aw ess, I dare say!" said Clunker satirically. "Waste my new haelf-crown 'pon sweeties for maids! Not I!"

"But that's the rule all the world auver," urged Nannie. "Ribbons an' sweeties for your swettard. Do 'ee think a maid 'ud be plagued weth a chap ef 'a dedn' get nawthen out of en?"

"Don' know nawthen 'bout that," quoth the stubborn youth. "I do know that this here's my dowry, whæt I arned weth the sweat o' my brow; an' I stick to en, sure 'nough, swettards or none."

"Edn' 'a a greedy chap, nuther?" said Lucy-Jane. "Alferd Harvey edn' that sort, not he. He d' putt his maid down to Mis' Maddern's 'most every day."

"So 'a do," said Nannie. "Alferd's maid's a lucky maid, sure 'nough. Why, 'a warn't but yes'day her ma was fo'ced to fetch the doctor to en, that wisht an' bad she was weth the lot o' sweeties Alferd guv her."

Alfred was a trump card. Clunker threw up his hand.

"Come along, the two of 'ee," he said sullenly. "Don't mind ef I buy 'ee a pennord. An' maybe," he added more cheerfully, "ef we don't say nawthen 'bout this here haelf-crown, Mis' Maddern 'ull trust us. Ef so, I'll make it two pennord, so I will."

That is why, when John Trelill returned home on tonsorial thoughts intent, he found the house empty.

VI.

IT was dusk by then. On entering the door John's first thought was for hot water.

He looked at the grate. The fire was out. He stepped up and shook the kettle. There was no water in it. He looked into the four brown two-handled water-pitchers which stood in a row by the back door. They were all empty.

He went to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Nannie, my dear, art in chamber?"

There was no answer. He returned and sat down. There is no more helpless creature than your fisherman on shore.

John sat and hopelessly regarded the fireplace. It was a patent range, bought at a bargain by his late wife when they first set up housekeeping. Its design was complicated and its temper uncertain. Only on the strength of long and intimate acquaintance could you persuade it to boil so much as a cupful of water for your tea, and even then only if you found it in a good humour. The late Mrs. Trelill, a woman of masterful temper, had subdued it to something like obedience after a tedious contest; but even she was wont to declare that she could not trust it to behave for five minutes after her back was turned. John held it in great awe, and never ventured to meddle with it except under directions.

"No water, no fire," he murmured. "How's going to shavie?"

His eyes wandered to the table, piled with an accumulation of dirty plates and dishes. He counted them over.

"There's the tay-things, an' the dinner-things: ess, an' the brukfas'-things; an' aw, ef I d' live, there's las' night's supper-things too! Nannie's a good little maid, an' she d' love her da; but, sim' me, she might be a bit more workish in the 'ouse."

He looked about him—on the dusty floor, on the windows spotted with mud from the outer traffic, on a litter of torn nets, soiled aprons, and other *débris* scattered haphazard about the place.

"She med ha' tidied up a bit for Sunday 'fore g' out," he said to himself. "But there, 'a edn' but on'y a chield; must have her pleasure, 'a b'lieve. I shuddn' go 'busing of her."

But as he sat in the twilight his mind's eye pictured a trim form, girt with a snowy apron, moving bird-like about the room, and busy hands washing the crockery and setting it piece by piece on the shelf, or coaxing the stubborn fire to burn—coaxing it, not overawing it, as Polly used to; and a bright face, set about with shining brown hair, turning to smile on him now and again, and a merry tongue filling the place with light, sweet music. He sighed, and his heart filled with longing.

Love, by inevitable association, brought razor to his mind again. What was he to do? There might be cold water upstairs, but a week-old stubble requires more genial persuasion.

He got up, went out into the street, and knocked at the door of the next house, Mrs. Pezzack's. Mrs. Pezzack herself appeared.

"Vexed to trouble 'ee, Mis' Pezzack, but could 'ee lend me some hot water—just a cupful?"

"Well!" cried Mrs. Pezzack in humorous astonishment, "of all the borrowers that ever came a-borrowing in this borrowingest o' towns, this wan do take the c'tifcate! Lend 'ee a cup o' hot water? Bless 'ee, John, I love 'ee so, I'll fit an' make 'ee a present of a whole jugful!"

"Thank 'ee, Mis' Pezzack," said John seriously. Himself, he lacked humour.

"There 'a es," said Mrs. Pezzack, returning. "Don't be wasteful wed 'n. The het in that there water cost a pennord o' coal, no less. Think o' that when you use 'nt."

"So I will," said John, with enormous solemnity.

Mrs. Pezzack burst into laughter. She was a merry soul.

"My life, John, did 'ee ever see a joke?" she asked.

"Ess, 'a s'pose," said John doubtfully. "Sometimes I should laugh, of an evenen'."

"That's very well," said Mrs. Pezzack encouragingly. "'Tes a poor heart, they d' say, that never rejoices. Evenen' 's as good a time as any. But what do 'ee want weth your hot water?" she asked curiously.

"Aw, to shavie wi', 'a b'lieve," said John. "Good night, an' thank 'ee."

"To shavie wi'?" repeated Mrs. Pezzack to herself when John had departed. "How should 'a shave himself Sat'day night? 'A edn' his

time fur 'n, I d' knaw. He's shaved Sunday mornen reg'lar these fourteen year. Edn' a-courting, is he, I wonder? Sim' me I'll g' up to Mis' Poljew's an' get the news."

Small wonder that crime should be rare in Pendennack, where the art of divination by straws has attained such rare perfection. The secret plotter may lock himself in a back chamber and draw the blinds, but, with Pendennack women-folk about, he might as well go bawl his plans from pier-head at once. Stone



JOHN TRELILL BORROWS A CUP OF HOT WATER TO SHAVE.

walls and locked doors avail nothing against their penetration.

Mrs. Pezzack threw a shawl over her head, hurried off to Mrs. Poljew's, stopped talking on indifferent subjects for five minutes, declared she must go now, and, while on the doorstep, mentioned casually that John Trelill was up in chamber, shaving.

"Shaving, sayst?" said Mrs. Poljew, somewhat disconcerted. "Shaving, Sat'day?"

"Ess sure. 'A come to me for hot water. Who's the maid, I wonder?"

Mrs. Poljew recovered herself rapidly. "Maid, eh! Well, I waan't say 'a es a maid,

an' I waan't say 'a edn'," she said, nodding mysteriously.

"How? Do 'ee tell me, Mis' Poljew, my dear!" cried Mrs. Pezzack eagerly.

"Don't arst me nawthen, my dear," said the other, "for I mus'n' tell 'ee yet. But I will say this—there's a brave bit o' news 'bout my John, in the oven baking. Don't arst to taste of en tell 'tes done crips an' hard. Maybe 'twill spoil in the doing. 'A edn' safe to auopen oven door yet. 'Tes a grand bit o' news, though."

And no more would she say. Poor Mrs. Pezzack had to depart in a pitiable state of tantalised curiosity.

"Shaving, is 'a, the rogue?" muttered Mrs. Poljew as soon as the other had gone. "What's the manen o' that? Edn' what Mis' Pollard said 'bout that Vassie, is 'a? I'll go see fur'n, 'a b'lieve. Mus'n' let her get before me."

So it came to pass that John had scarcely hunted up a candle-end and a bit of soap, and settled himself before the glass upstairs, when his sister arrived in the kitchen below, and called up to him.

"Hullo, John!"

"Hullo, who's that?"

"Mary, sure. Make haste wi' thy shaving and come down. I want to spake to 'ee p'tic'ler."

John's hand trembled guiltily, and he gashed his cheek.

"How should 'a know what I'm doing?" he asked himself. "What do 'a want, I wonder?"

Mrs. Poljew had time to light the lamp, to investigate every pot and pan on every shelf, in larder and cupboard, to measure the contents of the tea-caddy, the butter-dish, and the saffron, and to taste the home-made cake, and the "boughten" cake, and to abuse Nannie mentally a dozen times for a careless extravagant slut, before John descended, nervously caressing the new-born smoothness of his chin.

At the sight of him, Mrs. Poljew's worst suspicions were confirmed by the appearance of his hair. It wore an unnatural gloss, and a determined attempt had been made to get it to lie down in unaccustomed fashion. Even as she looked, as if actuated by hidden springs, first one tuft suddenly bristled upright over John's left ear, and then another at that ticklish place, the back end of the parting.

"Gressed his hair, has 'a?" she thought. "Then 'tes love wed 'n, an' no mistake."

There was no time for delay. She must strike at once. But the thing must be done cautiously and adroitly, and without unnecessary violence. Man in his normal state may be lamb, meek and tractable; but when once this stage is reached, he is liable to develop, against all zoological precedent, into the most obstinate of pigs, beyond all sisterly control.

"The wind that blows the match out do keep the pipe alight," said Mrs. Poljew to herself, quoting a Pendennack proverb. "I

mus'n' go fearing upon 'm. Mus' coax en a bit."

And so, voluntarily abandoning her trustiest weapon as unsuited for the occasion, she advanced to the attack. She was confident enough of success. Even if her suspicion was correct, things could not have gone very far as yet. He was a man, and therefore scant of sense, but surely he would never let a passing fancy for a pretty face stand in the way of so glorious a destiny.

"Where's that Nannie?" she asked.

"Out, 'a b'lieve," said John.

"Out Sat'day night? An' the cloam not washed, nor the floor scrubbed, nor the slab polished, nor nawthen? The lazy rogue! A tight cobbing, 'at's what she d' want!"

"Don't 'ee 'buse the maid," said John, firing up. "A dear, loving little maid 'a es, though 'a edn' much of a busker."

"John, I've no patience wi' 'ee," said his sister testily. "You an' she, you're a pair to keep 'ouse—she a chield an' you a baby. But there, my dear," she added, eyeing him slyly, "you d' know what I'm allers a-telling 'ee—'tes full time for 'ee to fit an' take another wife."

"Don' know but what you're right," said John, red and nervous.

Mrs. Poljew compressed her lips.

"Plaised to hear 'ee say so," she said smoothly. "You edn' such a g'eat fool arter all. Edn' set your mind 'pon nobody p'tic'ler, s'pose?" She dropped the query with elaborate carelessness.

"N-no," stammered John in a fright.

"That's very well," said Mrs. Poljew. "Ef you arst me, I say that a man edn' fit to choose his wife for himself nohow, an' 'a dedn' ought to be 'llowed to. 'A edn' a wife a man do look for when 'a d' go courting—'a edn' no' but a swettard. Swettard's wan thing, wife's another. Edn' a swettard *you* d' want, John. What *you* d' want is a staid, workish woman, with plenty o' sound doctrine, an' maybe a bit of a dowry overplush. An' I'm the wan to get 'n for 'ee."

"Aw my life!" murmured the terrified man. "Don't—don't 'ee trouble, Mary. I—I edn' in no vi'lence."

"Edn' no trouble 'tall," said Mrs. Poljew cheerfully. "An' look, John, my dear, now we've got 'pon the soobjeck, I'll tell 'ee somefen. I warn't a-going to tell 'ee yet, but I will; an' 'tes somefen grand, so 'a es. You're a lucky chap, John, sure 'nough."

"How?" asked John apprehensively.

"The eyes o' love were upon 'ee this night, John, up to Mis' Pollard's," said his sister impressively.

John changed colour. "What do 'ee mane?" he asked.

"This I d'mane. There's somebody waiting for 'ee to arst the question, an' you're the luckiest chap in all Pendennack."

John glowed and trembled. Whom could she mean but one? thought the foolish fellow, blinded by his feelings to the stupendous absurdity of the notion.

"D'st mane—d'st mane——?" he stammered.
 "Mis' Pollard, her own self, I d'mane!" exclaimed his sister triumphantly.

"Aw, my nerves!" gasped John, collapsing on his chair.

"No wonder 'tes a surprise to 'ee," said Mrs. Poljew. "I wedn' ha' b'lieved et myself ef she hadn't told me out of her own mouth."

"Mis' Pollard! Aw, my life!" murmured John.

John sat dumb and stricken. His sister pushed on without delay.

"Now," she said, "there edn' no 'ccasion for 'ee to be backward; but, sim' me, I wuddn' g' up to her to-night, not ef I wor you. Take your time; 'tes more dacent. But to-morrow edn' a bit too soon—arter chap'l, say, in the evenen'. An', sim' me, such a bashful chap as you are, you medn' be able to manage proper by yourself, so I'll come up wi' 'ee, so I will."



THERE'S SOMEBODY WAITING FOR HIM TO ASK THE QUESTION.

"Ess, Mis' Pollard right 'nough, the richest woman in Pendennack, an' the most sought arter."

Haggard dismay sat on John's brow. Mrs. Poljew did not, or would not, notice it.

"Five 'ouses, four barking pans, a fine new boat, an' I don' know how much money in the bank!" she chanted in a fine ecstasy. "There'll be plenty to envy you. That rogue of a Billy Jenkin 'll get the droldrams when 'a do hear—an' so for he!"

Was he awake or asleep? He took out his handkerchief, and feebly mopped his brow.

"An' look," continued Mrs. Poljew, "we'll manage this way. I'll taelk a bit, an' lead up to the point, so to spake, by tellen her what a brae fine chap you are, an' what a lot you d' think o' she. An' then, when you be'old me wink, then you up an' say so bauld, 'Will 'ee marry me, Mis' Pollard?' Or 'Lisbeth,' you might say; ess, you might go so fur 's to say 'Lisbeth,' like this: 'Lisbe-eth'—soft an'

tender, like you wor chucked weth a cauld in your uzzle. 'At's the way; an' then she'll look down, bashful like, an'—"

John's fist came down upon the table. "I waan't! I waan't!" he cried vehemently.

"'Ere, what's wrang wi' 'ee?" she asked, lifting her brows.

"I edn' going to! I don't wish! I waan't!" he repeated.

A cloud of wrath began to gather on Mrs. Poljew's countenance, but with a mighty effort she drove it away.

"Theer, John," she said soothingly, "don't be so fullish as you are. You've got to marry, that's certain; an' where could 'ee find a better? Here's love an' riches a-waiting for 'ee, an' what dolly-face maid could offer 'ee more?"

"I waan't! I waan't!" he feebly reiterated.

Mrs. Poljew kept her temper still, with what an effort those who know the worthy lady may imagine.

"Tes the kind o' chanst don't come twice to nobody," she continued. "You'll be the best man in Pendennack by far. There edn' nawthen a man could wish for but what you'll be able to get 'nt, that deep in love she is wi' 'ee. 'Twill be Sunday cles all the week for 'ee, ef you do wish, and Sunday denners too. Nawthen to do an' plenty to get—what more do 'ee want?"

His rebellious outburst had already spent itself so far that he only shook his head.

Mrs. Poljew leaned forward. "'A edn' for yourself on'y, nuther," she said earnestly. "Think 'pon Nannie, dear little Nannie, what a grand thing 'a 'll be for she. Aw, the fine gownds an' lovely hats she'll have! An' when she's dressed up smart, there edn' a fittier maid in all Pendennack."

A shrewd stroke. A survey of his character would show fatherly affection standing out, the firm rock in a shifting quicksand of indecision.

Was he wavering? Mrs. Poljew watched him keenly, and saw an expression of intense misery overspread his features. She took it for a hopeful sign.

"An' you'll be able to putt her to boarding-school ef you d' wish, an' she'll come back a lady, taelking like a book, an' that full o' quality manners that we'll be afraid to breathe before her, for fear we shuddn' do et proper. An' she'll be able to larn the pianner, too, like little Gertrude Beer, that Mis' Beer pays fifteen shellen a quarter for, over to St. Enys. Wedn' that be grand now?"

Another neat stroke. 'Tis the summit of parental ambition in Pendennack to have a piano in the best room for one's little maid to play upon.

"Theer," she said coaxingly, "think auver et a bit, will 'ee? You caan't do no less than think auver it. Promise to consider et, John, waan't 'ee?"

"Ess, well," sighed the wretch. 'Twas surrender, complete and absolute; and for such she took it.

"That's right," she said, rising. "You

cuddn' do better for yourself, nor yet for Nannie, mind that. An' now, mus' be going. I'll look for 'ee to come up to-morrow evenen' arter chapel."

"Mary, not to-morrow, I beg of 'ee!" John entreated. "Gie me time. Aw, my head! Gie me time, Mary!"

"Don't 'ee be so fullish as you are!" said Mrs. Poljew sharply. "Sim' me, you're plum! I don't think much of 'ee, ef you caan't settle by then." Her voice rose. "An' I'll be turr'ble vexed ef you don't come; d'st hear?—turr'ble vexed an' angry. Will 'ee come? I don't g' out o' this house tell you d' say you'll come. Will 'ee come?"

Well could she judge when to coax and when to threaten; and now there was unconcealed menace in her tones. John was in no fit state to prolong the contest. And what is weak man, that he should attempt to gainsay to her face a woman of tireless tongue and unbending will? He succumbed.

"I'll come," he muttered, almost inaudibly.

"You've got some sense inside arter all!" cried his sister, exultant; "though you d' 'ave to foch down a brae long way sometimes to find 'nt. I'm glad, I'm reg'lar delighted, John, so I am! Sim' me, ef you'd stuck to your 'no,' I'd 'a had a mind to slap 'ee, that mad I was, to think you could miss your chanst. Aw, 'tes grand, so 'a es! Aw, the 'ouses, an' the pans, an' the nets, an' the many a bright pound in bank—all for you!—not to spake of a loving heart, an' the merriest, comfortablist temper in Cornwall! I'm that glad, I don't know how to tell 'n! An', aw, to be'old Uncle Billy's face when 'a do hear!"

So flowed her lyric enthusiasm, falling on unresponsive ears. At last the song of triumph came to an end, and she departed with a final, "To-morrow evenen', mind. An' I'll g' up to wance, an' liv her know you're coming."

For long after she had gone, John remained motionless and stupefied, his wits drowned in a sea of misery. Then the spirit of revolt—a feeble, bedraggled spirit, it is true—raised its head above the surface. Mrs. Pollard! He saw her again as he had seen her that evening—the fat, elderly woman, sitting a solid lump in her chair, with her enormous hands clasped on her precipitously sloping lap, and her face, kindly enough in expression, but otherwise as plain and unattractive as could be. And then that other vision succeeded it—the laughing sidelong glance, the wicked truant curls, the dancing step, the slender figure—a picture complete of lovely, fragrant youth. Why? he asked himself, why? What had possessed him to yield? to sell himself for gold; for that was the naked, brutal fact. . . . What had the past evening been! An hour of dreaming pretty new dreams, and then this horrid nightmare! . . . No escape now—'twas as good as settled. . . . No! what was the use of being a man and one's own master, if one was to be disposed of willy-nilly in this way—turned right about face by ten minutes of alternate threats

and cajolings? He would assert his manhood. . . . But his promise? If it was a promise. . . . Only, after all, a promise to pay an evening call. But Mary's anger—no mean terrors for the bravest man to face? Well, he could face even that, if Vassie—Vassie? Why, he was building a card-castle of flimsy hopes and wishes, and fancying it a solid house of facts. What was he to Vassie? On the strength of half-a-dozen glances, and five minutes' trivial talk, what was he to Vassie? And with Mary against him, and Mrs. Pollard after him, and all the town, Vassie herself included, in the secret (for so 'twould soon be—trust Mary for that), what chance would he have? The others would laugh, and wonder, and envy; and she would scorn him with a pitying scorn. . . . What perverse imp of fate had brought him under Mrs. Pollard's amorous notice? What had he done, what said, to achieve this unenviable distinction? In a flash of cynical humour he envisaged the world as a raging wilderness of women, and man thrust into it singly for them to wreak their malicious, half-human caprices on, to pull this way and that, to entice, bind, torture, and imprison as they pleased. Oh, why couldn't they leave a man alone? . . . The last glimmer of revolt faded away, and black, impotent despair settled on his heart. He hid his face in his arms and sobbed.

A light touch rested on his shoulder.

"Why, da!"

"Nannie, my dear!"

At the sight of her, the whirling stress of his

emotion found an outlet and a channel, and rushed out in a cataract of overpowering tenderness. He pulled her towards him and kissed her violently. She struggled and held back, rather alarmed. In Pendennack, domestic love, even where deepest and tenderest, eschews the demonstrative caress. I have seen husband and wife, a fond and affectionate pair, meet after three months' separation, and they never offered to touch hands or lips. Their eyes met, they nodded and said, "Hullo, maister!" "Hullo, missus!"—and then she bade take off those muddy boots, before they dirtied her clean floor.

"Why, what's up wi' 'ee, da?" asked Nannie in concern.

"Nannie, d'st love thy old da? D'st love me, my worm?"

"Ess, s'pose. What's wrong wi' 'ee, now?"

"Little maid, I d' love 'ee best of all. There edn' nobody I look to care for so much—nobody!"

"My life, what a fuss all of a sudden!" said Nannie lightly. Then, touched at the sight of his face, racked by emotion, she gently stroked his cheek.

"You're a dear auld da," she said affectionately. "What's your annoyance?"

"There edn' nawthen I wuddn' do for 'ee to make 'ee happy, Nannie my dear," said he penitently; for he was recalling what Mrs. Poljew had said about the advantages that would accrue to the little maid from the proposed match, and accusing himself of selfishness, and making a great resolution of self-sacrifice.

THE "SENSE OF DIRECTION" IN ANIMALS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

AS AN ACQUIRED POWER.

SOME remarkably interesting particulars concerning the sense of direction in animals are given by Mr. F. Maule Campbell, in his clever paper on "Instinct."¹ Mr. Campbell is disposed to consider the return to an old home of an animal conveyed by coach or railway, or in a closed box or bag, as an accidental result of such animal's undirected wanderings, or some such combination of circumstances favourable to such an ultimate result. He is also of the opinion that the unconscious registration of turns and curves by animals, even in their own normal wanderings, scarcely seems sufficient to explain the sense of direction which they appear to possess. The process of mentally registering the exact distance between each turn, and the exact length and curvature of each curve, must

be, Mr. Campbell thinks, exceedingly complex, and he suggests a more simple explanation of the phenomenon thus: "I have often lost myself in the woods about Hoddesdon. It occurred to me one day as I was about entering Boxwood, to try to constantly bear in mind the direction of the spot at which I left the beaten track. I found this at first very difficult, but the occasional practice soon grew into a habit, and I now frequently detect myself noting semi-consciously the relation between a given place and my ever-changing position. I still often make mistakes in taking a 'bee-line,' but my error is rarely so great as to put me to much inconvenience. I cannot, however, remember the 'turns' I have taken, and cannot retrace my steps. It has occurred to me that the 'sense of direction in animals' has been similarly developed. Let us picture to ourselves

¹ "Transactions of the Hertfordshire Natural History Society," vol. iii., pt. 3, December 1884, pp. 136-140.

an animal leaving some place of protection, which we will call its home, and fearful of its enemies. After proceeding a very short distance, it glances wistfully homewards, and as it cautiously moves onwards, it is ever turning towards the shortest line of retreat, apparently fixing only the direction of its home point, and allowing all intermediate impressions of position to pass out of record. It is not too much to suppose that the animal, or its descendants, would soon acquire the practice of bearing in mind the direction in which to run in case of danger, and that in the course of generations this habit would be constantly exercised for other purposes than that of safety. Now, if the 'sense of direction' has been developed in this manner, animals would incline to take the 'bee-line' home, as is stated to be generally the case. If they occasionally retraced their steps, I should not consider their action as due to 'a sense of direction,' but to its loss, which led them to employ their powers of scent and of remembrance of landmarks observed in the outward journey. It is also manifest that my hypothesis gets rid of the difficulty of the animal estimating the distance which it has travelled, and obviates the necessity for a theory of 'registration of turns and curves.' The animal needs but to *recognise* perpetually at any given instant its position in relation to its home, whether it is 'turning,' or 'curving,' or take a straight course. This it could not do if conveyed in a vehicle, with no means of observing either the rate at which it was carried, or the direction in which it moved. It is obvious that animals which travel far from home have, from their nature and surroundings, much better opportunity of developing the faculty of direction than mankind possess. Their wants are fewer, and they are not diverted from their more simple purposes by the variety of objects that perpetually attract and draw off the attention of human beings. Everyone must be conscious how much a habit of reasoning trenches upon the province of observation; yet there are moments of mental abstraction during which some external object is unconsciously chronicled, and is often afterwards recalled and applied. The semi-conscious recognition of the direction of a locality, which, as already stated, I detected in myself, is but a step to its unconscious recognition, such as displayed by the prairie-hunters. Whether or no animals exercise unconsciously this faculty, is a question that does not affect my hypothesis."

Incidentally, I may mention a suggestion made by Professor Mobius, that birds in migrating across wide seas guide themselves by observing the roll of the waves. This is a very ingenious theory, but, unfortunately, in those regions where migration is most pronounced, the waves are constantly varying in direction with the as frequently changing winds. Migration over wide expanses of water is also the exception, not the rule.

We will now pass to a consideration of the opinions of those naturalists who either refuse

to recognise any such faculty as a sense of direction in animals, or by their observations on the subject furnish other and certainly more rational explanations of the phenomenon. Some time ago the question of the sense of direction or homing instinct, in dogs, was discussed very exhaustively in the "Field," and Mr. Tegetmeier, who was one of the principal contributors, finally expressed the deliberate opinion that all, or nearly all, these dog stories were greatly exaggerated, if not absolute fictions. Without going so far as that, I, however, thoroughly endorse what my friend Mr. Murdoch has said on the subject—viz. "That ninety per cent. of homing dog stories are either fabulous, or the result of wide-sweeping generalisations from very meagre premises"; whilst every instance coming within my own personal observation has admitted of a perfectly simple and natural explanation.

The "homing instinct" of pigeons is often also selected as an example of almost miraculous mental power. The Belgian homing pigeon is popularly supposed to possess a sense of direction which enables it to return home from great distances with no previous knowledge of the way. Only the other day a Torquay society held a pigeon-flying contest between Belgium and that town. A week previously birds were flown between Doncaster and Torquay, a distance of 238 miles, and the fastest birds did the journey at a velocity of 1,211 yards per minute, or upwards of forty miles per hour for the whole distance! Now this, to the uninitiated reader, may seem a remarkable feat, but the wonder vanishes when the simple facts are told. These birds are carefully trained for the work, taught the road stage by stage, so that they may become thoroughly acquainted with the intermediate country between the points from which they are to be flown. The birds are taught to cross the sea in a similar manner, being taken each trip farther and farther from land, and then thrown up to make the best of their way home. That this peculiarity of the homing pigeon is purely an acquired habit, the result of careful breeding and training, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the birds, if liberated in a fog, or at night, will, very sensibly, decline to fly at all. At the same time, however, there can be little doubt that careful breeding and selection of the most capable birds have a marked effect in strengthening the aptitude of this special breed of pigeons for the purpose for which they are trained, just as we know to be the case with the various breeds of horses and dogs. How far this aptitude is hereditary, is still a moot question.

Again, it is a most significant fact that one of the most accomplished naturalists, and one of the most acute observers that ever lived, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has thrown all the weight of his great authority against the possession of this homing instinct, this sense of direction, either in animals or in man. And we must remember that few if any men with pretensions to profound scientific knowledge are

more eminently qualified to express an opinion than he. Dr. Wallace has spent at least twelve years of his active observant life amidst the equatorial forests of the Eastern and Western tropics in intelligent and discerning quest of information relating to some of the most complex and important biological problems, seeing and noting phenomena bearing directly upon questions he has been striving to solve. In one of his many delightful works on natural history Dr. Wallace relates an incident bearing very closely upon the present subject. He was at the time studying the exuberant life in the wonderful island of Celebes. He writes:¹ "The major sent a boat, as he had promised, to take home my baggage, while I walked through the forest with my two boys and a guide, about fourteen miles. For the first half of the distance there was no path, and we had often to cut our way through tangled rattans or thickets of bamboo. In some of our turnings to find the most practicable route, I expressed my fear that we were losing our way, as the sun being vertical I could see no possible clue to the right direction. My conductors, however, laughed at the idea, which they seemed to consider quite ludicrous; and sure enough, about half-way, we suddenly encountered a little hut where people from Licoupang came to hunt and smoke wild pigs. My guide told me he had never before traversed the forest between these two points; and this is what is considered by some travellers as one of the savage instincts, whereas it is merely the result of wide general knowledge. The man knew the topography of the whole district—the slope of the land, the direction of the streams, the belts of bamboo or rattan, and many other indications of locality and direction; and he was thus enabled to hit straight upon the hut, in the vicinity of which he had often hunted. In a forest of which he knew nothing, he would be quite as much at a loss as a European. Thus it is, I am convinced, with all the wonderful accounts of Indians finding their way through trackless forests to definite points. They may never have passed straight between the two particular points before, but they are well acquainted with the vicinity of both, and have such a general knowledge of the whole country, its water system, its soil, and its vegetation, that as they approach the point they are to reach, many easily recognised indications enable them to hit upon it with certainty."

In another work Dr. Wallace has something more to say upon the sense of direction in savages. He writes:² "Let us now consider the fact of Indians finding their way through forests they have never traversed before. This is much misunderstood, for I believe it is only performed under such special conditions as at once to show that instinct has nothing to do with it. A savage, it is true, can find his way through his native forests in a direction in which he has never traversed them before; but this is

because from infancy he has been used to wander in them, and to find his way by indications which he has observed himself or learnt from others. Savages make long journeys in many directions, and their whole faculties being directed to the subject, they gain a wide and accurate knowledge of the topography, not only of their own district, but of all the regions round about. Everyone who has travelled in a new direction communicates his knowledge to those who have travelled less, and descriptions of routes and localities, and minute incidents of travel, form one of the main staples of conversation round the evening fire. Every wanderer or captive from another tribe adds to the store of information, and as the very existence of individuals and of whole families and tribes depends upon the completeness of this knowledge, all the acute perceptive faculties of the adult savage are devoted to acquiring and perfecting it. The good hunter or warrior thus comes to know the bearing of every hill and mountain range, the directions and junctions of all the streams, the situation of each tract characterised by peculiar vegetation, not only within the area he has himself traversed, but for perhaps a hundred miles around it. His acute observation enables him to detect the slightest undulations of the surface, the various changes of subsoil and alterations in the character of the vegetation, that would be imperceptible or meaningless to a stranger. His eye is always open to the direction in which he is going—the mossy side of trees, the presence of certain plants under the shade of rocks, the morning and evening flight of birds, are to him indications of direction almost as sure as the sun in the heavens. Now, if such a savage is required to find his way across this country in a direction in which he has never been before, he is quite equal to the task. By however circuitous a route he has come to the point he is to start from, he has observed all the bearings and distances so well, that he knows pretty well where he is, the direction of his own home, and that of the place he is required to go to. He starts towards it, and knows that by a certain time he must cross an upland or a river, that the streams should flow in a certain direction, and that he should cross some of them at a certain distance from their sources. The nature of the soil throughout the whole region is known to him, as well as all the great features of the vegetation. As he approaches any tract of country he has been in or near before, many minute indications guide him, but he observes them so cautiously that his white companions cannot perceive by what he has directed his course. Every now and then he slightly changes his direction, but he is never confused, never loses himself, for he always feels at home; till at last he arrives at a well-known country, and directs his course so as to reach the exact spot desired. To the Europeans whom he guides he seems to have come without trouble, without any special observation, and in a nearly straight unchanging course. They are astonished, and ask if he has

¹ "The Malay Archipelago," pp. 205, 205.

² "Natural Selection and Tropical Nature," 1891 ed., pp. 95, 96.

ever been the same route before, and when he answers 'No,' conclude that some unerring instinct could alone have guided him. But take this same man into another country very similar to his own, but with other streams and hills, another kind of soil, with a somewhat different vegetation and animal life; and after bringing him by a circuitous route to a given point, ask him to return to his starting place by a straight line of fifty miles through the forest, and he will certainly decline to attempt it, or, attempting it, will more or less completely fail. His supposed instinct does not act out of his own country. A savage, even in a new country, has, however, undoubted advantages from his familiarity with forest life, his entire fearlessness of being lost, his accurate perception of direction and of distance, and he is thus able very soon to acquire a knowledge of the district that seems marvellous to a civilised man; but my own observation of savages in forest countries has convinced me that they find their way by the use of no other faculties than those which we ourselves possess. It appears to me, therefore, that to call in the aid of a new and mysterious power to account for savages being able to do that which, under similar conditions, we could almost all of us perform, although perhaps less perfectly, is almost ludicrously unnecessary." Now these are pregnant words from such a profound biologist, and have a most refreshing ring of rationalness about them. In such an observation of savage life we undoubtedly find the key to the mystery of von Middendorff's Samoyeds crossing the Siberian tundras; one traveller is captivated by the apparently esoteric proceeding, the other seeks its explanation in a rational way.

As bearing on the acute perceptive powers of savage man and wild animals we have the testimony of such close observers of nature as Mr. Hudson, whose essay on "Sight in Savages"¹ should be read by every person at all interested in the present subject. Another accurate observer of nature, whose name is almost as well known at the present time as it was to an earlier generation, dear old Charles Waterton, was also struck with the wonderful manner in which South American savages wandered through their native forests, and thus writes:² "In finding their way through these pathless wilds, the sun is to them what Ariadne's clue was to Theseus. When he is on the meridian they generally sit down, and rove onwards again as soon as he has sufficiently declined to the west; they require no other compass. When in chase, they break a twig on the bushes as they pass by every three or four hundred paces, and this often prevents them from losing their way on their return." That savages, with all their wonderful acumen for finding their way across trackless forests and plains, sometimes blunder, we have one very remarkable instance recorded by Mr. Selous,³

where "Boy," a native gun carrier, expressed his inability to find the camp, owing, as he said, to the zigzag course which had been followed all the afternoon, and suggested to his master—lost like himself in the bush, even with a compass—to make for where the moon was setting, in order to strike the path by which they had come from the river. This incident not only shows that savages themselves must frequently be at a loss to find their way, but also that they are keen observers of various natural phenomena which they utilise as guides in their wanderings. Canon Tristram remarked similar traits in the Arabs of the Sahara. He writes:⁴ "The Souafa boast of wondrous powers of endurance and of vision, and profess to be able to walk thirty leagues in a day. Doubtless the difficulty of the country and the scarcity of landmarks must quicken the perceptive faculties in a marvellous degree; and accordingly they pretend to be able to distinguish between a sheep and a goat several leagues off! They will tell by his footmarks to what tribe a traveller belonged; they profess to distinguish the sex of a wild animal by its track, or the species of a date by its stone. Even more incredible are the powers they pretend to, if we may place reliance on Daumas; and when he expressed incredulity, they asked if this were more unreasonable than for a physician to profess to distinguish a disease by the tongue and the pulse."

The testimony of all these observers, and of many others who might also have been quoted, all tends to indicate that this "sense of direction" in animals is really an imaginary one, and that the so-called homing instinct is but the result of the ordinary powers of observation rendered excessively sensitive and acute by the surrounding circumstances and necessities of life—powers of observation, we may add, that would put even those of a Sherlock Holmes to the blush! We may here also add that with regard to the instances of homing instinct in domestic animals which have been recorded, probably for one successful attempt on the part of a dog or cat to return home, there are a hundred failures, of which naturally enough we never hear anything. Allusion should also be made to the migrating moths recorded by Gätke. (See "Leisure Hour," p. 23). These movements are purely irruptive ones of precisely the same nature as the visitations of Sand Grouse, the outflow of excessive population from a congested district, with no thought or possibility of return to the home centre, and differ as widely as the poles from what is classed as normal migration. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the migratory movement should not be mixed up with the present subject at all.

I might here have briefly alluded to strong evidence which tends to refute the faculty of sense direction or homing instinct in birds as being the guiding medium on their migrations. But it must suffice for me to say that

¹ "Idle Days in Patagonia," pp. 164-184.

² "Wanderings in South America," 1895 ed., p. 233.

³ "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," p. 398.

⁴ "The Great Sahara," p. 321.

in my long-continued studies of the migration of birds I have not come across a single scrap of evidence confirmatory of such a faculty, and that the phenomenon is capable of being explained by the exclusive exercise of those mental faculties which are to a great extent the common possession of man and the lower animals. The subject still requires much further investigation and experiment, if only to convince the believers in this mysterious sense of direction of what I cannot help describing as an error. The very nature of the subject makes successful experiment respecting it most difficult, whilst the inclination to surround it with

mystery seems almost irresistible. Unfortunately man's position in relation to philosophical research is much that of the spectator who enters a theatre in the middle of the performance, and during the short time that he is permitted to watch the piece speculates upon the origin and progress of the plot and its final *dénouement*. In the name of science we protest against an explanation of the phenomenon of sense direction or "richtsinn," as Von Middendorff terms it, being sought in the esoteric and the superhuman as long as a perfectly rational explanation may be found by absolutely natural methods.

TOYS AND GAMES IN THE PAST.

TOYS and games are very long lived; and it is marvellous how little they have changed in character while passing down through the ages. The Roman children played with their dolls as the little Egyptians did thousands of years before them; the little Greeks played with their hoops, and the children of to-day whip the same sort of top that the contemporaries of Plato did in the streets of Athens.

Most of our knowledge of ancient toys is derived from the custom of burying the playthings with the child. Among the most striking of Mr. Petrie's discoveries are his collection of whip-tops and tip-cats of the twelfth dynasty, which existed about B.C. 2600. Except that the wood is different, these are almost exactly the same as we see used to-day. Dodwell found dolls in the Greek catacombs. One of these had on a Phrygian cap, which, when removed, allowed the hair to fall down to the shoulders; of another doll the limbs had disappeared, but the holes for the joints of the limbs remained, and the hair hung down the side of the head in plaits, the top of the head being flattened, and, having a hole in it, being evidently made to fix on a cup or vase. And discoveries of this kind have been numerous.

Allied to this custom of burying the toys with the dead children was that of placing them on the grave, concerning which Vitruvius relates the touching legend of the nurse who put the toys in a basket on the dwarf column that marked the place of burial. An acanthus plant grew up at the foot of the column, twined itself round it, and on reaching the top, divided so as to frame with its curled-up leaves the sides of the basket, which stood on a large tile, and this arrangement struck the notice of Callimachus, who took from it his idea of the Corinthian capital.

Another custom of the ancients which proved a means of handing down to us their toys

and games, was that of consecrating their playthings to the deities. We have even got one of the dedication notes. "Philocles consecrates to thee, O Hermes, his bouncing ball, his noisy box-wood rattle, his bones he loves so much, and his spinning top, the toys of his tender years." The girls, on approaching womanhood, seem to have offered their toys not to Hermes, but to Venus or Diana.

A great many of the dolls found in the tombs and temples were like the old jointed Dutch variety, their limbs being movable and worked by strings as if they were those of marionettes; but there were others beautifully made of ivory, like that found in the tomb of the wife of the Emperor Honorius. Dolls and tops and tip-cats are not the only things that have been found. The old toymakers catered for the children's love of animals as much as do their modern representatives. Clay goats, crockery dogs, and plaster horses were as well known in the past as now, and among other things of this kind there was turned up a mule of the ordinary square shape, saddled with a pack, from the sides of which two wine jars were hung. Even the little tin soldier is not a modern invention, nor are toy bricks, pigmy furniture, and cookery things.

One of the oldest, as it is still one of the earliest, of the world's toys was undoubtedly the baby's rattle, which has been found and mentioned over and over again. Some learned men have ponderously proved that it was used to scare away the evil spirits. Perhaps it was; but we cannot help thinking that its success was due to the child liking the noise.

The rattle would seem to be as old as the cradle—the cradle, that is, not on rockers, but swung from the beam of the hut or the branch of the tree; and sitting on the cradle might have been the origin of the swing. The swing is certainly as old as the Greeks. On one of the Greek vases there is a beautiful representation



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

of two girls, gracefully draped, amusing themselves by swinging each other on a seat which has four legs like a chair.

An old toy is the ball. In the British Museum there are several specimens of quite respectable age. It seems to have been made either of leather stuffed with plaited rushes or some elastic substance to make it bounce, or of skin sewn crosswise with string and stuffed with straw or husks of corn. We have not yet discovered so gorgeous a ball as that described by Apollonius as being given by Venus to Cupid. "I will give thee," says the goddess, "Jupiter's charming toy, which his nurse Adrasta made to amuse him in the cave on Mount Ida. It is a ball easy of being thrown, formed of rings of gold, which wind round each other and overlap, so that the joins are invisible, and if you throw it with your hands it will appear like a star in the air." But, then, this golden arrangement was as imaginary as the personages, though the allusion to it shows that Apollonius knew something of catch-ball.

The hoop is also an old toy, but the ancient hoop seems to have been a heavy affair of brass or iron. Oribasius, who was the Emperor Julian's physician, has a paragraph on hoop trundling as a healthy exercise which is not without interest. "The height of the hoop," he says, "should be less than that of a man, indeed it should not reach higher than the chest. It ought not to be trundled straight on, but from side to side. The iron rod or driver should have a wooden handle. As to the small bells or rings around the circumference of the hoop, many people regard them as superfluous, but they produce a noise which pleases and amuses."

Whip-top was known not only to the Egyptians, but to the Greeks and Romans. In the streets of Rome, in the days of Augustus, we are told "there is the top, a little cone of box-wood, which the children make spin on the ground by means of a lash mounted as a whip; they strike it horizontally, and under their repeated blows it describes a thousand irregular circles."

There is a scene in the "Birds" of Aristophanes, in which one character whips another like a top to make him turn round. Plato cited the top as an example of simultaneous rest and motion. "Tops," he says, "are at the same time motionless and moving, for, settling their peg on the ground, they turn on their own axis." And Virgil's comparison of Amata to a top is well known. The spinning-top, worked by a string, which is derived from

the whip-top, seems to have been of comparatively modern introduction.

Odd-and-even, five-stones, knuckle-bones, and games of that sort, seem to have been played from time immemorial, not only in the Old World but in the New. And games of a much more complicated character were known to the ancients. Falkener, in his "Games, Ancient and Oriental" (Longmans), with much ingenuity has made out from relics, monuments, and allusions, some of the games of the Egyptians, and shown us how to play them, giving us game after game duly recorded in the same way as the games at a chess tournament. In fact, "Four Egyptian games, 5,000 years old, and rules to play them," are now on sale in London at three half-crowns the box, with the boards and men complete. The game of Tau certainly lasted into Roman times as *Ludus Latrunculorum*. When Queen Hatasu's board, now in the British Museum, was discovered, it was described as a draught-board, and the pieces were called draughtmen, but Falkener soon showed that this was out of the question. Another of this class of games requiring a board and men was *Senat*, which is still played by the modern Egyptians under the name of *Seega*. When the paintings representative of the game were first found, it was described as Egyptian chess, but chess it in no way resembles. One of the curious things about *Senat* is that it is shown on a Græco-Roman gem, and is thus proved to be no mere revival.

Another of these Egyptian pastimes was the game of the bowl, which was played with dice, and another was the game of the Sacred Way, which is identical with the *Hiera Gramme* of the Greeks, and the *Ludus Duodecim Scriptorum* of the Romans. This also was played with dice. The Italian game of *Mora*, which is of the class of "How many fingers do I hold up?" has also been traced back through the Romans and the Greeks to the Ateph, of which there are so many representations on the Egyptian monuments.

Chess seems to have been purely Asiatic in its origin. Besides the Indian game known as *Chaturanga*, we have Chinese chess, Japanese chess, Burmese chess, Siamese chess, Turkish chess, and Tamerlane's chess, all differing from each other in important points. Draughts and backgammon are also games of considerable antiquity, but, as with chess and the others, there is a danger of identifying them too readily with older games, to which they bear some resemblance in their boards and men.

GOLD BEADS.

I.

THE vast plain and its soft, undulating girdle of blue mountains were suffused with the deep glow of a southern sunset. The only shadow in the rich pervading colour was the figure of a man on horseback, making his way lightly along the white road between the great cactus hedges. Nureddu, the little long-tailed black mare, stepped as though shod with velvet, and her rider sat as if he were part of the steed. Against the red and yellow sky the swiftly moving silhouette resembled a design on an Etruscan vase, for Antonio Sairo wore the black garb and long sable cap of the Sard peasant. Even the smooth dark green velvet waistcoat scarcely relieved the sombreness of his attire.

Nureddu repaid her master's whipless trust by moving rapidly, but she might have followed her own hest, for Antonio Sairo was not thinking of his horse's gait. Castles were building under the Phrygian cap.

"If she says yes, Priest Mauro shall make the demand of Pietro Pintus to-morrow. Ah, what red lips she has, little dove of my heart! And for laughter, holy Madonna of Bonnaria, there is not such another. No wonder Maria Luisa and Mari' Angela say she cannot do anything else—they would not if they had lips and teeth like those—and how it plays in her eyes! With a house of her own she will make more baskets and bread-sieves in an hour than they do in a day." Sairo's eyes softened and deepened; he already saw the girl weaving asphodel under his own reed ceiling. He laid his hand on Nureddu's neck, and gave a peculiar whistle.

"Up, little horse of mine, or we shall be too late to see her."

The gentle creature sprang forward and bore Antonio Sairo like a racer over the plain, but, as they crossed an intersecting road, a man started up from behind the cactus hedge and planted himself in their path. Nureddu shied slightly, and then stood still.

He was dressed like the rider, except that, instead of close black breeches, he wore dirty loose white trousers fastened into the gartered gaiters at his knee.

Antonio frowned.

"You startle one, Deledda."

"One would not have thought you the man, Sairo, to be frightened because a friend waited for you at cross roads."

A little smile dawned in Antonio's kind brown eyes, but he asked bluntly:

"What will you, Deledda?"

"To buy that horse. I'll give you five hundred francs for it."

Antonio Sairo drew himself up proudly:

"Who said my Nureddu was for sale! I would as soon sell my right arm."

He stroked the mare's flanks caressingly.

Nureddu knew who they were talking of, but, with too much sense to interfere, only stood still and listened.

"Your right arm would not bring five hundred francs in a hurry," said the other sneeringly, "or your horse either, for that matter, but I have taken a fancy to the beast, and I am ready to do a foolish thing."

"It would not be foolish if you could get my Nureddu; but my little dame and I do not part. Good-night, Deledda. May Madonna aid you to find a horse to your mind."

Again Sairo gave his soft whistle, and the grateful mare flew forward like a bird. The man smiled to himself and patted Nureddu's neck.

"We know each other, eh! little horse of my soul?"

There was a neigh of pleasure at his touch, but no slackening of pace.

As they approached a village, the mare stopped of her own account close to the high garden of the first outlying house. A tree flung its branches over the wall, and from the midst of the foliage came the sound of singing in a high key.

"De cavalleris isposa

T'appo a bider, a nonna

Prus bella de sa rosa,

Prus sottile de sa canna."

It was rather a shrill voice, but man and steed knew it, and Sairo coloured with delight.

"Beppicchia!" exclaimed he, "art thou still there? Madonna be praised. I feared thou wouldst have gone in to cook the macaroni."

A merry laugh pealed through the leaves.

"Dorrotè cooks the macaroni. Zi' Nanna says I boil it too soft. I was tickling the little donkey to make it jump around the mill, and the macaroni went to a pulp."¹

Sairo smiled, and then his heart gave a jump in his throat as he said:

"But, Beppicchia, thou wilt have to learn to cook macaroni for thy husband."

There was a dead silence; no answer came from the tree.

"Beppicchia, come down," begged the young man, but he obtained no response. "They will call thee soon to supper, and I shall not have seen thee at all. Come, look over the wall, Beppicchia."

The stillness among the rosy pomegranates and small green leaves remained unbroken.

"Sweet Beppicchia, forgive me. I will cook the macaroni."

"I do not want any macaroni," laughed the damsel up the tree.

"Beppicchia, sweet creature, tell me what thou dost want," cried the lover, overjoyed to

¹ In the Sard kitchen a small, blindfolded, muzzled donkey patiently revolves all day, turning the heavy millstone which grinds the family flour.

evoke an answer at last. "Come down; see what I have brought thee."

After a slight pause a big red pomegranate fell crunching through the branches. It would have struck Antonio Sairo on the head, but Nureddu stepped deftly aside, and the fruit burst on the ground, scattering its clear garnet seeds in all directions. Again there was a rustle, a gleam of scarlet flashing its way down among the foliage, a hasty little slide, and Beppicchia's merry face looked over the lichened wall. She was an apparition to fire the most cold-blooded. Beneath the black shawl drawn over her curly black hair her eyes sparkled with bewitching gaiety, and the dark background threw into relief the peach-like glow of the dimpled cheek. Her brodered scarlet sleeve and the white one beneath it were turned back to reveal the soft roundness of the arm resting on the cold grey stone.

The garden was on a slope, so that Sairo on Nureddu's back in the road below could just reach to the top of the parapet on which she leaned. In the evening light her beauty was more maddeningly tempting than ever before, and the blood surged hotly under his dark skin; but he curbed his passion for fear of startling her, and held up a bunch of purple "lilies of the field." A little cloud of disappointment fell on the laughter of her lips and eyes.

"One would have thought thou hadst brought all the treasures of America," she exclaimed pettishly, claspings the flowers with listless fingers.

His face fell.

"Treasures do not grow on the mountains, almond of my heart. I brought you all there was. What would you have?"

Beppicchia did not like to see people displeased. She reached over, and caressed his dusky cheek with her fingers.

"Dear Antonio, it is only that flowers fade so soon, and one cannot wear them. One would have something one could keep always."

Sairo's pleasure revived at her touch.

"Sweetest, say what thou wouldst have. I would get it for thee if it took the blood of my heart!"

Beppicchia beamed like a child, and bent over until he felt her warm young breath on his cheek.

"Antonuccio, how good thou art! I could not ask anyone but thee. Listen, friend of mine. Sabina Santoru was married to-day, and such a *corredo* she had! Such earrings! And a necklace—such beads, big as walnuts! Antonino, how would a necklace look on my neck?"

She bent so close that he seemed to hear the beat of her heart, and his brain whirled. He rose up in his stirrups, and flung his arms about her; but when the startled girl drew back, and he saw the surprised look in her eyes, sudden remorse smote him. He fell back into his saddle, and gazed up in a reaction of penitence at the girl, who, in the impetuosity of his embrace, had dropped her shawl, and for

the first time in her life stood bareheaded before him. The twilight had faded, but the new moon threw a cold radiance over her figure, and he felt as though he had desecrated the Virgin of Bonnaria.

Beppicchia had never liked him so much before.

II.

MARI' Luisa Sairo was grating cheese on the tough macaroni, which was like wet rope to eat. Overhead, a little boat-shaped iron lamp hung from the reed ceiling flickered dimly, scarcely breaking the gloom in which her brother Antonio sat, awaiting his supper.

"She shall have the necklace!" hammered itself persistently over and over in his brain.

"Sabina Santoru was married to-day," said he at last.

Mari' Luisa had been longing for an opportunity to begin:

"That she was, and, Antonio, such a *corredo*! I went to carry my basket of grain with your bottle of Moscato stuck in the middle, and I saw it all. The jewels were something to make one melt with desire. There must have been a thousand francs worth of gold stuff. Cucureddu went up to Casteddu for it all, and they say the necklace and earrings alone cost a good five or six hundred francs. Mamma mia! how true the saying, 'Some everything, and some nothing.' Dowry, *corredo*, house, husband, that girl has them all—though Cucureddu is a little plaster of a man."

In spite of the last clause Mari' Luisa put the macaroni on the table with an audible sigh.

"Five or six hundred francs," hissed in Antonio's ears, alternating with the imperative words, "She shall have the necklace," and still the bewitching face gleamed on his sight full of its dimples and roguish laughter. He could not sit still, he pushed his plate aside, and went out into the little shed which belonged to Nureddu. Arabian blood flowed in Sairo's veins; he loved his horse like a brother, but a fever consumed him that night, and he could have bartered his soul to please Beppicchia.

"Nureddu, she wants the necklace so," he murmured apologetically. The mare looked up at him with wonder in her soft black eyes. She felt there was trouble in the air, so she rubbed her nose against his hand to show she had perfect confidence in him, and then she waited patiently while he curried her carefully, took down the bridle and saddle, and finally led her out into the cool darkness. Nureddu thought it very queer, but she did not even neigh her surprise—knowing her master wanted the thing kept quiet, she was not the beast to betray him. When they were clear of the town, Sairo mounted and rode steadily to Domus Novas, the mud village in which Deledda lived.

Cagliari or Casteddu, as it is called by the Sardinian peasant, for whom it sums up the glories of the world, was swarming with people as Sairo walked up the Contrada Costa, his

gun on his arm, and five hundred francs in his pocket to buy the beads for Beppicchia. In the low jeweller shops on either hand the earrings and necklaces which she had described were profusely displayed, and, with them, were exhibited rows of the big, double gold buttons with which the men fasten their shirts, and the sleeve buttons, by whose relative number the women of the Campidano gauge each other's wealth. The art of making the delicate gold work crusted with designs of minute grains, and called *grana sarda*, seems to have been transmitted from the ancient Phœnicians and to be peculiar to the Sardinian jewellers.

Sairo had never been in Casteddu before, and he felt dazed by the people and the magnificence of the steep narrow street, but the Sard has an oriental aversion to showing any surprise or admiration, so he carried his *baretta* high and stalked along as if he considered it all dust off his shoes. At the last jeweller's he bowed his tall head and entered. The merchant spread out his wares on the counter and kept the assistant running backwards and forwards, comparing the size and workmanship of different beads and earrings. He also tried to entice Sairo with some of the masculine buttons, but here he found his customer supremely impassive. At the bare suggestion of ornaments for himself, little Nureddu's great sad eyes rose before him full of perplexed grief.

At last the broad, long pearl earrings and the twenty big gold beads were selected, bargained over, and paid for, and Sairo left the shop with his head in the clouds and the precious parcel fastened under his velvet waistcoat. He felt as though it was Beppicchia's little hand on his heart, and he already tasted the delight of fastening the necklace around her smooth throat. The sights of Casteddu were nothing to him at that moment, and he passed through the city with unseeing eyes. He burned with impatience to get back to Beppicchia and have her for his very own. Priest Mauro should stipulate of Peter Pintus that the marriage be at once.

When he was clear of the town, his long stride broke into a run. With eyes glued on the horizon he sped along, unheeding the ground beneath his feet. All at once he slipped, and his legs shot from under him.

"Cursed fig skin!" he ejaculated, but the words were drowned by a loud report. The gun went off in his fall, discharging itself in his side, and he sank, an unconscious heap, in the middle of the dusty, deserted road.

Antonio Sairo came to his senses in the accident ward of the Cagliari hospital. He was all bandaged and swathed, and by the side of his narrow iron bed sat a plain, gentle-faced nun.

"Where is my parcel?" asked he shortly.

The young nun drew the soiled, blood-stained box from the sleeve of her habit, and laid it by his side. With trembling fingers he pulled it open: the treasure within lay there shining and safe. The Sard looked up with gratitude to

the woman bending over him. The care of his wound was little, but the safety of Beppicchia's jewels was much.

"When can I go?" he asked more gently.

"The doctor says it will be three weeks before you will be well enough to leave the hospital."

His eyelids quivered, and then closed over his fevered eyes. He was too weak to protest.

Antonio Sairo's first thought in the morning and last thought at night was: "How Beppicchia will smile when I give her the gold things!" He kept them jealously under his own hand, caressing the little box, or feasting his eyes on their richness.

To spare Mari' Luisa anxiety, Antonio let Sister Orsola write her of his accident, but he begged with feverish intensity that the earrings and necklace should not be named.

"It is to be a surprise for little Beppicchia," he said, over and over to himself, and in spite of his pain he was almost happy. On the twentieth night, as he pressed his hot brow to the fresh linen pillow, he dreamed of Beppicchia, and he awoke the next morning with a smile on his lips.

Though late in November the air was still balmy, and Sister Orsola had thrown open the windows to let in a flood of early sunshine. One bright ray fell on the stand at his side, and there lay a letter directed to him in Priest Mauro's hand. He broke it open eagerly. He knew it was written at Mari' Luisa's dictation, but surely there would be a little message from Beppicchia. Slowly he spelled it out, being better horseman than clerk:

"Brother of mine,—Madonna be praised thou didst not kill thyself. I have put two candles on the shrine of Saint Gavino. They came out of the pack thou hadst behind the wheat mill. Priest Mauro writes this and salutes thee. I also salute thee and likewise Mari' Angela does the same. I salute that good soul of Sister Orsola who wrote the letter. Why didst thou sell Nureddu? Deledda took the poor beast up to the Nebida mine, and at the turn of the road the poor thing slipped over the cliff. Deledda caught by the bushes and scrambled up again, but Nureddu went down into the sea. Deledda has made the *domanda* for Beppicchia Pintus, and they are to be married as soon as the publications can be made. Mari' Angela says he has inherited a lot of money, but one hears so many things.

"Mari' Angela sends her salutations and so do I mine.

"I declare myself your obedient Sister,

"MARIA LUISA SAIRO.

"By the hand of Priest Mauro."

A bitter cry of keen agony rang through the ward.

"My Nureddu, it was for *her* I betrayed thee!"

The cherished golden earrings and beads flew glistening through the sunlit air and fell with a faint tinkle into the court below.

MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR.



Second Thoughts.

a medicine which is not also a poison. In through the open door walks the devil as well as the angel.

The soil on which flourished the rank growth of slavery was the first to develop the glorious fruit of civil and religious freedom. But for the colonisation of the United States we might have had a French Revolution without the watchwords of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Excuses are to be taken with a grain of salt. The fact that an excuse has been given is often more important than the excuse itself. When an excuse is given, be content with it. Do not take pains to prove that the person giving it is a liar, or tear from some wound the protecting sophism, otherwise a man may make a question of principle out of one of expediency. He gives some flimsy reason for not attending a meeting, when in reality the shabbiness of his coat or his hat was to blame. Press him home, and he will discover some moral ground for his action. How often is the real reason for a certain line of conduct very different from that which is put forward. Mrs. A. will not go to Mrs. B.'s party because she has already worn her best dress at three balls, and cannot afford a new one. She says that the B.'s are too common. Mr. C. prefers to walk home for the benefit of his health; he really grudges the 'bus fare.

We are apt to mistake a mere froth of words for the very whipped-cream of fancy.

There are some works which we read with pleasure, yet without benefit. They are like wax flowers, as beautiful as the real, but from which no bee can gather honey.

Some men swathe themselves with habit as a cerement, and embalm themselves with fads. They become living mummies.

It is wrong to make a religion of trifles. Even cleanliness that destroys the cuticle ceases to be a virtue.

We have many professors of poetry, but few poets. Their desire to write far exceeds their power of performance. These poetical persons spend their time in publishing creeds and manifestoes in verse. They set forth the beauty of poetry and the divine nature of the poet's mind, but they never condescend upon a poem. Their poetical mansions are all portico and stairs.

There may be culture in the ruling class, but if the worker is not independent, there is a lack

IS courage likely to decay as war ceases? Is the race likely to become feeble and flaccid, with big heads and weak bodies, when men no longer systematically destroy each other? The prospect is a distant one, and the question is as yet purely theoretical; but it is well to be prepared, and if war is such an excellent school of all the virtues, emperors and statesmen may be excused if, purely for the good of the people, they continue artificially to cultivate land hunger and national animosities, and fight battles no longer from brutality but calculation. Statesmanship would thus come to the aid of natural selection in maintaining the type.

Is there no courage in facing the dangers of fire, the sea, disease? Will not healthy toil continue to brace the muscles? Brutal indifference to suffering will decay; not courage.

Why should the man who slays another as courageous as himself or more so but less strong or skilful—why should the soldier, be admired and decorated, and he who plunges into the cesspool of life, and extricates his fellow from pollution, be regarded as little better than a fool?

Discoveries have hitherto been followed by conquest and robbery. It is not the discovery, but the use of it, which has been hurtful to mankind. Good and evil are so inextricably mixed up in this world of ours that there is no invention or discovery which has not had its inconveniences. If fire had not been found out, you would not have burnt your fingers; if architecture, you would not have fallen downstairs; if the art of cross-stitch, you would not have sat down on the needle. There is scarcely

of freshness and sincerity. The manners may be refined, the art and literature polished, but there is something fetid in the air. Personal independence is the tonic which keeps the body politic wholesome.

Men are to be judged, not only by the standard of their own times, but by the standard of all times. Good and bad are definite ideas, and the ideal is very real. All excusing tolerance is as far removed from a just judgment as indiscriminate condemnation. There is an ideal excellence, but there is also a common weakness—that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The strongest are sometimes weak. The best are sometimes bad. The real human men and women of all ages are alike in this, that while their greatness commands admiration their weakness entreats our sympathy. Their strength is that of flesh and blood, not of granite. Great men have their faults, both those of their age, and those peculiar to themselves. Are we to reject the gold because it is imbedded in quartz?

Love is like the string of the kite, which ties to earth yet lifts to heaven.

The milestones along the path of life are tombstones.

For a strong man to serve a weak is vexation of spirit. If there must be such a relation, let the strong show his strength by enduring.

Critics are like wolves—when they have no works of original genius to mangle they turn their fangs upon each other.

When the Agnostic has told us all that God is not, he will have given us a good idea of what He is. If the painter can only put in all the

shadows, the lights will take care of themselves.

Success in competition with our fellows has always the drawback that the gain of one is another's loss. It cannot step out of its shadow.

I cannot see the ocean because sight is limited. What I see is not the ocean, because the ocean is infinitely larger. I cannot think of infinite space, because thinking is a process of limitation. I cannot think space as limited, because space is infinite. Such are the antinomies of reason, and so might we imagine a fly on the toe of the Apollo Belvidere thinking out its relation to the statue.

The Agnostic is too modest. "We cannot know God," he says. Would it not be nearer the mark to say, "We do not as yet know God fully," for surely, imperfect as our knowledge is, all that we know reveals God. And as knowledge moves not so much from the known to the unknown, as from the imperfectly to the perfectly known, so the more we know, the more of God we know. As the eye implies light, as that without which it could neither exist nor act, so the principle of knowledge within us, feeble as it is, implies that Divine intelligence from which it came and to which it tends.

Men dispraise that which they really desire, just as boys throw stones at an object in the water to float it within reach.

The golden cord of charity ought not to be worn as a sash.

Humour is to cynicism as a sweet breath to a foul.

ADAM RANKINE.

Vox Populi:

SOME LETTERS FROM OUR POST-BAG.

LETTER TO BE FORWARDED TO
MR. STICKLER.

Sir,—The young gentleman, Mr. Stickler, who wrote to you last month, might have extended his plea. It has often distressed me that words of a noble lineage should, so to speak, lose their status through no fault of their own, and come down in the world, while a number of trashy upstarts, with no pedigree at all, have taken their place.

Notorious was no rogue till we made him so by our ill-usage; *Artful*, by the same means,

we have turned into a trickster; *Animosity* was a spirited fellow till we goaded him into spite.

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Even the honest word *Respectable* has now a sound of condescension in our ears. The other day there happened in my household, while I was gone upon my travels, a certain unpleasant episode. A faithful servant, hurt on my account, cried out indignantly:

"And this to happen to you, sir, who have always been so respectable!"

Why, I ask you, Mr. Editor, should the phrase have tickled that inner sense of humour

that lurks in most of us? If a man calls me *Trustworthy*, I admire his insight; if he applies to me the term *Reliable*, I do not question his good heart, but only his literary good taste. Yet I smile inwardly when I am dubbed *Respectable*, and deem myself fallen to the level of some widowed washerwoman in search of charring, or carpenter out of work! We do not talk of the Queen as "a respectable woman," and yet, God bless her, she is surely worthy of all respect!

"Poor old word," thought I, "so you, too, have lost your patent of nobility, and are no more held worthy to associate with fine folk!"

Sir, if your young Master Stickler will start a fund for the relief of Impoverished Words, his first subscriber shall be,

Your obedient servant,

A BIT OF A PURIST.

A LETTER FROM AN OCTOGENARIAN.

Mr. Editor,—If your young friend, Mr. Stickler, will attack the slang that has so eaten into our language that little of the original web is left, he will be doing the world a better service.

To other day my little library being rearranged under my direction, I saw with sorrow my faithful Johnson dismissed to a topmost shelf to make room for a brand-new Dictionary of Slang in several volumes. The study of this, to me distasteful work, is necessary if I would maintain any sort of intercourse with my fellows. Alike in shop and market, and at my own fireside, where my grandchildren gather, I find myself as a foreigner in a strange land, the babble of an unknown jargon in my ears.

'Tis hard, sir, that having, as I supposed, mastered the English language in a youth that is now remote, I should be compelled to turn scholar once more and study it afresh at an age when I might justly hope for repose.

Your obedient and obliged servant,

OCTOGENARIAN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM A MODERN DAUGHTER.

My dear Sir,—We feel sure that a gentle hint from you will have weight with our mother, who puts great faith in your printed judgments. Your excellent magazine lies upon a little table at her side, with her knitting, her "Thomas à Kempis," and one of Miss Yonge's pretty stories. You will agree with my sisters and me, I feel sure, in thinking that here is sufficient provision to occupy the leisure of an old-fashioned person in feeble health, brought up with those quaint ideas about home being a woman's sphere, etc. Yet, strange to say, our mother is *not* contented, and wonders that we have never a spare afternoon to read or talk with her!

You, sir, with your broad sympathies, will readily understand how impossible this is in an

age when every young woman who respects herself must have a mission in life. My eldest sister is a zealous district visitor, keeping the poor in excellent order, and ever generous with her advice; my second, being a born organiser, is secretary to half a dozen movements, and immersed in work from morning till night. I myself make daily visits to the workhouse infirmaries, reading passages inculcating contentment and resignation to the inmates (who seldom realise how well off they are), and playing little hymns on the harmonium. Music is so soothing to the old and weary.

Days thus usefully employed would surely be sadly wasted in picking up dropped stitches in a silk sock, or in indulging a taste already too pronounced for merely ephemeral literature.

A word from you, dear sir, will make this clear, and check peevishness and complaint.

Yours, sir, truly,

A MODERN DAUGHTER.

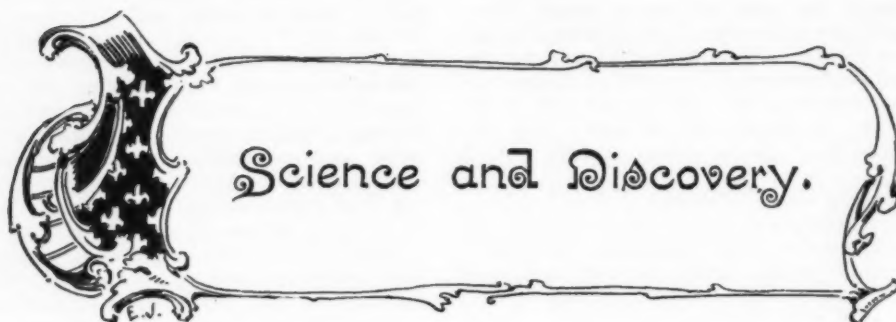
THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF AN ABERDEEN GENTLEMAN.

"We have the misfortune to have a poet in our family, though for what misdemeanour on our part we are thus punished I know not, but we could better tolerate the infliction were his themes more varied. As a person of influence to whose opinion he would bow (he has, I believe, had various sets of verses returned by you 'with thanks'), will you kindly point out to him that the fount of 'love' has been drained nearly dry by minor versifiers, and that such rhymes as 'light' and 'bright,' 'star' and 'far,' 'heart' and 'dart,' can no longer be deemed original? Singers of an earlier day have done such a flourishing trade in *larks* and *nightingales*, *daisies*, *violets*, and *celandines*, that there is no longer any market for such commodities; the *sea* and the *stars* are also somewhat out of fashion.

"There is, however, a large branch of subjects which, so far as we know, no poetaster has yet made his own. Has anybody written a Sonnet to the *butcher*, or an Ode to the ever-obliging *tailor*? Then there is the *plumber*. True, he is not regarded as a hero by the modern housewife, but think of the immense figure he must have made in pre-historic times! As the 'patron saint' of the Ice Age, he might be treated pictorially, or even humorously as the boon companion of Jack Frost. Is not the *baker*, who supplies the staff of life, as worthy of poetic recognition as the eyebrow of a mistress?

"We are come of a sober and unimaginative stock, and prefer that our verse (since we must keep a rhymers in the family) should take a practical and useful turn, and encourage an honest set of trades-people to serve us with their best.

"The adoption of this hint by our cousin will ensure him a less grudging support when he issues his next volume."



Science and Discovery.

GOLD IN SEA-WATER.

WATER is a universal solvent, and therefore the waters of the oceans probably contain traces of all the elements in the crust of the earth. This fact long ago led to the belief that gold would be found in sea-water, but the presence of that precious metal has only lately been satisfactorily proved by Prof. A. Liversidge, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Sydney, by means of a series of elaborate analyses of sea-water. The evidence he obtained shows that gold is present in sea-water off the coast of New South Wales in the proportion of about half to one grain per ton, or, in round numbers, from 130 to 260 tons of gold per cubic mile. This, of course, means an enormous amount for the whole of the ocean, the cubic contents of which may be put down at 400,000,000 cubic miles; and if the gold be uniformly present at the rate of one grain per ton the total amount would be over 100,000,000,000 tons of gold. But though this immense figure may be sufficient basis to attract company-promoters in this gold-seeking age, it would probably not pay to extract the gold by itself, although methods might be used to obtain the metal as a by-product in the manufacture of salt, bromine, etc., from sea-water. Prof. Liversidge points out that the enormous amount of gold in the sea is probably very small in comparison with the amount scattered through common rocks, that is, apart from gold in veins and other deposits.

A CYCLE OF WEATHER.

Interest in cycles of weather is perennial, and when an eminent meteorologist comes forward with evidence which seems to render it possible to forecast the general characters of the seasons for years in advance, more than usual attention is given to his proposition. Mr. H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer at Sydney, brought such evidence recently before the Royal Society of New South Wales. An examination of the weather records of the colony showed him that droughts extending over periods from three to seven years had occurred regularly at intervals of nineteen years. Another set of dry periods, more intense and relatively shorter than the former series, had also visited the colony every nineteen years. Extending

his inquiry, Mr. Russell found historical accounts, ranging from 900 A.D. to 1896, of the occurrence in different countries, of seventy-eight droughts, all of which fit into his first series, and eighty-nine into the second series—the droughts in both classes following a nineteen years' cycle. Records of droughts before the commencement of our era were also found to fit into the same cycle. This leads to the suggestion that this cycle of dry periods was known to the Egyptian priests, and that they utilised their knowledge to predict droughts. Mr. Russell has found that great hurricanes and the great frosts of history have also recurred at periods of nineteen years, though the records of these meteorological phenomena are not so abundant as those referring to droughts, history having much more to say about the horrors of drought than the abundance of wet seasons.

EXPLORATIONS OF THE UPPER AIR.

In the famous balloon ascent made by Mr. Glaisher in 1862, a height of nearly seven miles was reached. When he started from Wolverhampton, the temperature was 59° F.; at a height of two miles it had sunk to freezing point, and at seven miles more than forty degrees of frost were registered. To extend the knowledge obtained by Glaisher, the German Aeronautical Society organised a number of balloon ascents, for the systematic determination of the meteorological conditions of the atmosphere at different heights, and the whole of the results obtained have lately been made known. In one of these ascents Dr. Berson reached a height of 31,500 feet (6 miles), and was able to make observations, in spite of the extreme rarity of the air, by the artificial inhalation of oxygen from a supply with which he had furnished himself. At the altitude attained the thermometer dropped to 65 degrees below zero, and indicated only 11 degrees below zero when in the sun's rays. To obtain results at altitudes where it was too cold to live, unoccupied balloons fitted with apparatus for automatically recording meteorological conditions have been sent up. Upon one occasion, a free balloon of this character reached a height of 55,300 feet (10½ miles), which represents the greatest altitude as yet attained. The registered temperature was 90 degrees below zero. One of the general conclusions derived from the

results recorded during these balloon soundings of the upper air, is that above an altitude of about four miles the temperature is practically constant and not subject to seasonal variations. The methods of the German atmospheric explorers are being followed with advantage in France and the United States. Obviously, the more exact knowledge that is gained as to the meteorological conditions of the upper air, the easier it will be to accurately forecast the weather, for the forces at work will be better understood than they are at present.

DETERMINATION OF DIRECTIONS OF SOUNDS AT SEA.

Every navigator knows that it is extremely difficult to recognise the direction from which the sound of a gun signal or steam whistle proceeds at sea. An apparatus described in "Nature" for determining this direction ought, therefore, to be of service, especially on great ocean liners, where it can most effectively be used. Two microphones, capable of being excited by sounds such as those referred to, are placed on board as far apart as possible, and each of them is connected with a telephone. The observer holds the forward telephone to his right ear, and the stern telephone to the left. When a signal is given by a vessel straight ahead, he will hear it first in his right ear and then in his left, and the interval will be that required by the sound to travel from one microphone to the other. On the other hand, if the strange vessel is just astern, the left ear will be the first to hear the signal. When it is just abeam, the sounds will strike the microphones at the same instant, and the observer will hear them as coincident. The apparatus is not complicated, so there is a possibility that it will be successfully installed on many large ships. It does not seem capable, however, of deciding whether the sound proceeds from the port or the starboard side, though two microphones placed amidships might give an indication.

RÖNTGEN RAY PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE WHOLE BODY.

When the discovery of Prof. Röntgen of the means of photographing the bones in the human body was described in the "Leisure Hour" of March last, the probability of great developments of the method was suggested. So numerous are the results obtained since then that something of interest could be recorded each month in these columns, and we only refrain from noting such advances because the subject would become monotonous. A photograph obtained by Prof. A. Imbert and Mons. H. Bertin-Sans, of the University of Montpellier, is, however, so striking that it deserves to be brought before the general public. It represents an entire newly born living child, the complete skeleton of which is distinctly shown, while even the teeth buried in the infant's gums can be made out. But the most instructive fact exhibited by the picture is that the cartilaginous or gristly parts, which are not yet hardened into bone, are clearly indicated. Especially is this noticeable in the wrists, hands, and feet. Every mother knows that

a baby's bones are soft, and the photograph reveals where, in a newly born child, they are really not bones at all.

IRON STRENGTHENED BY VIBRATION.

It has for a long time been supposed that cast-iron is weakened by repeated shocks or vibrations. Considerable attention has, therefore, been given in the technical press to an announcement by Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, a well-known metallurgical chemist in the United States, that cast-iron, under the influence of repeated shocks or blows, gains notably in strength. His attention having been drawn to this curious fact by the observation that some cast-iron bars which had been subjected to rough usage were considerably stronger than the average, Mr. Outerbridge had twelve bars cast in the same mould. Six of these were cleaned by being tossed about in a tumbling-barrel, while their companions were only stroked with a wire-brush. Upon breaking the twelve bars, it was found that those which had been subjected to four hours' incessant concussion were ten to fifteen per cent. stronger than the other bars. When each of six new bars received three thousand taps with a hammer upon one end they were found to have gained the same increase of strength. The explanation appears to be that the molecules of new cast-iron are not in a very stable condition—they have not settled down to very permanent positions. By repeatedly tapping or shaking the casting, the individual metallic particles are induced to rearrange themselves and assume a steadfast state of molecular equilibrium. Ordinary annealing in ovens brings about this result, but it has a tendency to change the chemical nature of the iron at the same time. To know that the molecules of cast-iron can be made to rearrange themselves in comfortable relation to their neighbours without the necessity of re-heating is, therefore, of high importance in the engineering world.

PROFESSOR PALMIERI AND THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1872.

To Prof. Palmieri, whose death occurred a short time ago, belongs the credit of obtaining instantaneous photographs of a grand volcanic eruption. Born in 1807, he became Director of the Meteorological Observatory on Vesuvius in 1857. The Observatory is situated close to the Hermitage, or half-way house, in the ascent of the mountain. For more than a year before the great eruption of 1872, Vesuvius showed signs of increased activity of the forces pent up within it. From his intimate acquaintance with the moods of the volcano, Palmieri predicted that the small outbursts of 1871 were but the precursors of a greater convulsion. The prediction was fulfilled. On April 24, 1872, an eruption of terrifying intensity began, attaining its climax two days later. During this great outburst, when "Vesuvius sweated fire," Palmieri remained at his post at the Observatory, and made a series of observations of the deepest importance to vulcanology. Vesuvius rises about four thousand feet above sea-level, and clouds of steam and rock-fragments

were hurled out of it during the eruption to a height three or four times greater, or nearly four miles. Only one eruption of Vesuvius during the present century—the eruption of October, 1822—is comparable in intensity to that which Prof. Palmieri so carefully watched.



PROFESSOR PALMIERI.

Palmieri invented several instruments for the observation of natural phenomena, including an electrometer for ascertaining the amount of electricity in the atmosphere, a rain gauge, and a seismometer for recording small subterranean tremors.

MIGRATION OF BUTTERFLIES.

The supposed migration of Butterflies is referred to by Mr. Dixon in his papers (see pp. 23 and 118) on "The Sense of Direction in Animals." The following account of what may be sometimes seen reaches us from one long resident in Honduras.

Anyone who has noticed the nets full of young caterpillars so often found on the apple trees in this country in the early summer, which usually contain hundreds of the creatures, the progeny of one butterfly, may form some idea of the prolific character of the species. The vast numbers to be seen during one of the periodical migrations in the forest lands of Central America fill one with wonder. Whence do they come, and whither are they bound? They travel straight on in one direction, nothing staying their progress or deflecting their course; over the top of the interminable forest they pass, across the sea, with the wind or against the wind, onward they go; and where the journey ends, and what its object, who can tell?

Twice it has been my good fortune to witness such a migration—first, some twenty years ago when stationed at Belize, in British Honduras, and next, in the month of July last year, when living in the forest region of the same colony, some seventy miles from the coast.

On the first occasion it was in the month of June that they came. The usual steady sea-breeze was blowing from the south-east, and the general direction

of the flight was from the north, over the land that forms the northern rim of the bay in which the town stands, so that the wind took it on the flank.

The main body opposite Belize passed along the coast, over the sea, and but few stragglers, the fringe and outskirts of the crowd, came ashore. As far as I could ascertain, there was only one kind of butterfly in this flight, a small pinkish-grey creature, with pearly-white enamelled stripes on the under-side of its wings. All day long the endless procession went on its way, flying low over the sea, the topmost butterflies not being more than forty or fifty feet above it. Looking out across the open sea, the space to that height was full of them, so that the low-lying cays, or mangrove islands, distant four or five miles to windward, looked blurred and indistinct through the haze of them. Towards night-fall the flight slackened gradually, and before the brief twilight was ended had ceased altogether. The next day it commenced again shortly after sunrise, and continued as before; but that night heavy rain came off the land, and the butterflies were seen no more.

The last migration, seen in July, 1895, was more wonderful still, for it lasted fourteen days and contained four distinct varieties—brown, white, sulphur, and orange, in colour. I was at that time cutting log-wood, with my headquarters at an old Indian village on the Balize river, distant eleven miles from the ponds where the log-wood grew. To bring this out to the river, by which it alone could be transported to the coast, I had cut a road some forty feet wide through the dense forest which covers all that part of the country. I had necessarily to be constantly up and down this road, to look after my wood-cutters and cattle trucks, and, during the whole of the fortnight mentioned, watched the great flight pass in an endless stream overhead. The general direction this time was from west to east, and dead against the wind, which all the time blew steadily from the east. How many miles the butterflies extended I cannot say, but I can vouch from my own knowledge that they swarmed all along the eleven miles of my road, and I was told by a friend that he had seen the flight some fifteen miles beyond the end of the road, and a good thirty miles to the eastward of it. Of course the vastness of the migration was not so visible here as when it was seen on the open coast, for the forest growth completely shut out the view except overhead; but there it passed in a thick and steady stream, though every now and then detachments from the main body would whirl down into the road, follow it for a short distance, or alight upon the ground for a brief rest, then, moved by the mysterious attraction that drew them eastwards, up they rose over the lofty trees to follow their comrades in their flight towards the rising sun.

I do not know whether the true cause of these migrations has ever been determined. The food of these creatures is abundant throughout the country, full as it is of flowering creepers and fragrant-blossomed trees, and I can only conjecture that the movement is impelled by some reproductive reason, and that the butterflies are seeking some congenial spot where they may deposit their eggs.

E. W. W.

Continental and American Notes.

"As Others see Us." There has been some discussion in the French press about the decline of good manners in England—a decline which, it appears, is not confined to the rough sex. A correspondent seizes the occasion for contrasting the polite manners of men in the Baltic provinces with the impolite manners of Englishmen. Gentlemen there, notwithstanding the congealing influence of the north, remove their hats when they enter a shop and also in acknowledging the salutation of a peasant. Now these manners are not peculiar to the Baltic provinces; they are pretty general on the continent. There is a story of the Duc d'Aumale having raised his hat to a beggar. There is nothing so extraordinary in the act for it to be worth making a story of. In France it is the invariable custom with persons of good manners to return a salutation in kind. It would be thought there a strange way of impressing an inferior with one's superiority by appearing less polite than himself. Here we have surely that right feeling which is the beginning of good manners. Those who suppose that such courtesy springs from the triumph of democratic ideas are wholly mistaken. It comes down from old times, and is most punctiliously observed by those who by common consent are regarded as *gentilhommes*—a word which in France is used in a much more restricted sense than gentlemen is in England.

Russian Colonisation of Siberia. The progress of Russia in the vast continent of Siberia is, perhaps, the most extraordinary phenomenon of the present time. From the congested districts of European Russia a vast train of over 100,000 emigrants is annually poured into the fertile districts of that still little known region. These emigrants go overland. In addition, ten or a dozen of the huge ships of the Russian Volunteer Fleet annually sail from Odessa in the Black Sea, carrying soldiers, emigrants, railway plant, and, we must add, convicts, to the settlements on the Pacific coast, which are rapidly rising in importance and increasing in population. But by far the most significant feature of Russian progress in Siberia is the building of the Trans-Siberian railroad. This gigantic undertaking is being pushed on with feverish haste. The best engineers in the empire are in Siberia at work upon it, and millions of roubles are

being paid annually for the costly bridges and cuttings, and to pay the army of workmen carrying that thin black line across the face of Northern Asia. The writer of this paragraph a short time ago was speaking to a distinguished Russian engineer about this railway, and was informed that there was every prospect that the line would be opened for its entire length before the last year of the century had expired. "Russia," he said, "will avoid all European complications which will divert her from her great purposes in Siberia. Her greatest interest now is peace. What she may do when the railway is finished, and when she can throw an army of a hundred thousand men on the Pacific coast in three weeks, is another matter. Her policy will then be doubtless to seek to become the preponderating commercial power in Eastern waters. We Russians all believe that the days of English supremacy there are numbered."

Russian Progress in Central Asia.

The opening of a new line of steamers between Charjui on the Oxus and Patta Hissar is another in the long line of events proving the remarkable and rapid progress which Russia is making in Central Asia. Charjui is a Russian settlement in Bokharian territory, which a few years ago was a wilderness of sand, on which a few tents and huts had been erected. It is now a fairly well organised town, with a rapidly increasing industry, through which the Transcaspian railway runs, and from which two lines of steamers ply to the Sea of Aral in the north, and southwards towards the Afghan frontier. Vast strides are being made in organising the trade of the Transcaspian region, and particular attention is being paid to the growth of the cotton plant, with the result that in another ten years, at the present rate of progress, Russia will be entirely independent of the American cotton supply. Next spring the continuation of the railway, which now ends at Samarkand, will be commenced in two directions, north-east to Tashkent, the administrative capital of the district, and east to the fertile plain of Ferghana, a province which is being rapidly developed as a great cotton-growing region. From Osh, the last Russian stronghold on this side of Chinese Turkestan, a road is being levelled to the foot of the Thian Shan mountains, and facilities in the way of caravanserais

are being afforded by the Russian authorities for the numerous caravans of merchants who enter Russian territory from China in ever-increasing numbers. In all centres of population the Russians are likewise erecting schoolhouses, where a knowledge of Russ will be imparted gratis to any natives who care to avail themselves of this privilege; and natives are all the more encouraged to learn Russ, as the authorities gladly avail themselves of their services in minor administrative capacities as soon as they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language of their rulers. Up till now the Russian Orthodox Church has made little or no effort to bring Christianity to the numerous Turkish races in Transcaspia, but it is understood that the Holy Synod is only waiting for funds in order to equip a number of clergymen, whose duty it will be to reside in smaller centres of population and to impart instruction in the tenets of the Christian religion to any natives who may desire it.

Railway Stations.

It is now no longer possible to describe the larger railway stations in the United States as barn-like buildings, devoid of pretence to beauty in architecture or decoration. Ten years ago most American railway stations were still of this description. But within the last ten years, scores of the larger stations have been built, and nowadays they are among the finest buildings in American cities. This is particularly so in Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Chicago. The Pennsylvania Railway Company have recently completed the rebuilding of their station at Philadelphia. The new building will compare with St. Pancras, or any other of the more modern stations in or out of London; and in one particular an example has been set at Philadelphia which might well be followed by railway companies in England. Instead of leasing the walls in the train sheds for advertising purposes, the Pennsylvania Company has adorned the panels with terra-cotta bas-reliefs symbolising the principal cities of the United States. The panel appropriated to Boston shows the first meeting of Winthrop and Endicott, Puritan leaders of the New England colonists. Philadelphia is represented by Penn in the act of signing his famous treaty with the Indians. The panel for New York shows the landing of Peter Minuit, the Dutch pioneer. Cincinnati, the great inland city on the Ohio, is represented by two explorers facing a snowstorm on the river. Pittsburg, formerly known as Port Duquesne, is represented by two French surveyors marking out boundaries; while St. Louis, which at one time was also French territory, is represented by a bas-relief of Laclède, who in 1764 established the first trading settlement on the Missouri River. A large field was open to the artist who designed the Philadelphia bas-reliefs; but this field was a small one compared with that which would be open to artists commissioned similarly to adorn the walls of Euston or St. Pancras. The London and North-Western and the Midland Railways serve great and historic cities, and an artist decorating panels for Euston or St. Pancras could draw upon the religious life of England as represented by the cathedral cities of Lichfield, St. Albans, or Worcester; on its commercial and manufacturing life as represented by

Birmingham and Manchester; on engineering as represented by Crewe and Derby; on English naval prowess as represented by Liverpool and Glasgow; and on our Parliamentary history as suggested by St. Stephen's and the old Parliament House at Edinburgh.

Travelling Libraries.

In England the system of sending out from South Kensington to provincial art galleries and museums collections of casts and pictures has long been worked with much success. In the State of New York the same system has been in use since 1893 in connection with libraries. The headquarters of these travelling libraries are at the State Library at Albany, an institution which for the State of New York fills much the same place that the British Museum does in England. The Albany library is famous all over America; and from its duplicates or from books specially bought small libraries are made up which are always in circulation among the small towns and villages of the State. The State provides the books. These are loaned free of charge; the people using them pay the cost of packing and the railway charges. To meet these expenses a fee of 1*l.* is charged for the use of one hundred books for six months. Fifty volumes may be had for the same period for twelve shillings. Between 1893, when the system was established, and midsummer 1896, 350 libraries had been sent out. With each goes an oak book-case and cabinet, a printed catalogue, and sufficient stationery to set a small lending library on its feet. There are twenty-seven different sets of books. One of the newest is a set for children. In the twenty-seven sets are included libraries dealing with economics, agriculture, history, fiction, poetry, and languages. There are also collections for special courses in Bible study. One of the newer sets is for the use of the blind. In the United States reading clubs have a great vogue. Their members are mostly women, who meet once or twice a week to study some particular author. The travelling libraries are of special value to these organisations; for, on making an application at Albany, a library is sent covering the work and the period of the author with whom the club is concerned.

The Republic of Mexico.

Little is heard in England of the Republic of Mexico. Yet it has a Congress which is in session twice a year, and which conducts its proceedings much in the same fashion as the Parliament at Westminster, or the United States Congress which meets at Washington. The Mexican Congress meets at the city of Mexico. Its summer session is held in April and May. Its autumn session lasts from the middle of September to the middle of December. Following the custom of all parliamentary government, the President sends to Congress a Message, in which he suggests such legislation as may be desirable, explains the relations of the Republic with its continental neighbours, and also deals with internal affairs and the finances of the Republic. To the Congress which was in session last autumn, President Diaz reported that the boundary dispute with Guatemala had been

settled by the ratification of a treaty acceptable to both republics, although most advantageous to Mexico. The treasury was in a satisfactory state. Since about 1890 the receipts had been equal to the expenditure. The band of robbers that had infested the northern frontier had been broken up by the efforts of Mexican and United States troops. The recent Pan-American Congress in the city of Mexico, to which six South American Republics sent delegates, had abandoned the purpose for which it was called, the affirmation of the Munroe doctrine, because of the difficulty of its execution, and because so few of the Spanish-American republics had troubled themselves to send delegates.

The Prohibition Movement in Canada. The first session of the Canadian Parliament elected in the summer of 1896 has been made memorable not only by a change of parties in the administration, but also by the abolition of the drinking bar in the House of Commons at Ottawa. There is a very strong temperance sentiment in Canada, and during the closing days of the late Parliament this sentiment was

greatly aroused by some regrettable scenes, which might be attributed to the free sale of intoxicants within the Parliament building. When the new Parliament met, the temperance advocates made an appeal for the abolition of the bar. The new House of Commons promptly acceded to the request, and one of the first orders of the new Speaker, Mr. Edgar, was for the closing of the bar and the stoppage of the sale of intoxicating drinks even in the restaurant. A similar appeal was made to the Senate. The Senate, however, did not act so promptly, action being deferred until the existing contract with the caterer should expire. Almost half of the members of Mr. Laurier's Cabinet are total abstainers, and the new Premier has already given a pledge that when the next General Election occurs, a plebiscite shall be taken on the liquor traffic. Every elector in the Dominion of Canada will then be given an opportunity of declaring whether he is for or against prohibition. Between now and then the Prohibition Party will work hard to bring the majority of the electors to regard the liquor traffic from the prohibition point of view.

Varieties.

G. Du Maurier. Some of the best early work of the late Mr. G. Du Maurier will be found in the magazines of the Religious Tract Society. In the "Sunday at Home" for 1864 he illustrated a tale entitled "The Artist's Son," and in the "Leisure Hour" of the same year, his illustrations of "Hurlock Chase," a six-month story by Mr. Sargeant, author of the "City Arab," were in his best form. It was while he was still drawing for the "Leisure Hour" that he received his appointment on "Punch." It is a noteworthy fact that the style of his pictures was not at once appreciated by the general public. His strong lines, his use of light and shade, his minute accuracy were not at first appreciated. Remonstrances even came from the provinces, where people had been accustomed to the smoother, more ideal forms of Sir John Gilbert, and others. One picture in particular we remember, which was much abused, but it was one on which Du Maurier prided himself for its exact drawing.

William Morris in his Country Home. Of the poems of William Morris, a notice by John Dennis, in the November

"Leisure Hour," closed with the sad announcement of his death. Little is said of the home life of the poet, about which we have a pleasant glimpse in a letter of George D. Leslie, R.A., a man of kindred spirit in his love of nature and of art. Leslie had been at Cheltenham, to see a son at college there, and on his way back to his home at Riverside, came upon Lechlade, where is the old Elizabethan manor-house Kelmscott, formerly the residence of Rossetti, and then the country abode of W. Morris. High

garden walls surround the house, so that little could be seen except the gables. "My wife," says Mr. Leslie, "more venturesome, tried the garden-door, which was open, and peeped in, and had a view of the old house and quaint garden; I strolled round to the back, through a sort of farmyard, the place looking quite deserted and silent. I imagined no one was there at the time, when I was suddenly aware of Morris's head leaning out of an upper window. Of course, explanations ensued, and he came down at once, in the kindest manner, brought us in, and showed us over the whole place.

"I never saw an old house so lovingly and tenderly fitted up and cared for as this one; the perfect taste and keeping of the furniture and hangings, and the way in which the original beauties of the house had been preserved, was indeed a lesson to be remembered. The window-seats had cushions in them, the floor was beautifully clean; the old boards by no means disguised or disfigured with stain or varnish, with the right sort of mats and carpets where wanted; some fine old tapestry belonging to the house still hung on the walls in one room, and the furniture throughout was simple in character and not overcrowded. Mr. Morris's daughter herself also harmonised most gracefully with the sweet place, I need hardly say. In the bedrooms were nice old four-post bedsteads, with simple countrified chairs and tables—everything clean, cared for, and comfortable; there was throughout an utter absence of the overdone modern æsthetic affectation. Morris took us up into the attics, where he delighted in descanting on the splendid old woodwork

displayed in the trussing and staging of the roof-timbers.

"We paid a visit to the garden, which was kept up with the same skill and taste; the whole way fragrant with lavender and the scent of the newly clipped box-edges; the paths were very neat, and on one hedge—a clipt yew—was the form of a dragon, which Morris had amused himself by gradually developing with the clippers. . . . Morris took us by a short cut across his standing-crop of grass, and bade us a most friendly farewell at his boundary stile."

The self-introduced visitors were pressed by Morris to stay to supper, but they had ordered chops at the village inn, three miles off. So closed an interview, in which Mr. Leslie says "we enjoyed exceedingly;" and the place was "well worth a walk of double the distance to have seen."

A Forgotten Great Englishman. Readers of the "Leisure Hour" will remember the articles upon "A Forgotten Great Englishman," "Peter Payne," which appeared in these pages and caused a great deal of comment in 1890. A volume has since been published by the Religious Tract Society upon this forgotten reformer, and there is now a very lengthy notice of his life in "The Dictionary of National Biography." Many will be glad to know that a book has just been issued bearing the title "The Gleaming Dawn," in which one of the principal characters is Peter Payne. The scenes are laid in Lincolnshire and Oxford, depicting the turbulent mediæval student's life, then they shift to Bohemia, amidst all the fierce passionate struggles of the fighting churchmen and the heroic pioneers of freedom of soul. The work is a romance, but wholly founded on document and facts.

Dante and the Bible. The Clarendon Press at Oxford has issued several editions of Dante, and commentaries, under the charge of Dr. E. Moore. A volume is issued by Dr. Moore which contains more than six hundred citations from Holy Scripture and from classical authors in the "Divina Commedia." The quotations from the Bible are many and most interesting, even where the *ipsissima verba* of the Divine Record are not quoted. For example, in Canto XXIV. of the "Paradiso," where St. Peter is questioning the poet about his faith, come in these memorable words:

"La larga ploia
Dello Spirito Santo, ch'è diffusa
In su le vecchie, e in su le nuove cuoia,
È sillogismo, che la mi ha conchiusa
Acutamente sì, che 'n verso d'ella
Ogni dimostrazion mi pare ottusa."

Asked whence he drew his confession of faith and virtue, the poet says: "The plenteous shower of the Holy Spirit, diffused throughout both the Old and the New Testaments, is as a syllogism which has convinced me conclusively, and compared with which any other demonstration would appear obtuse." What an illustration of what the old English divines call "the internal evidence of Holy Scripture." The whole of this Canto attests Dante's thorough knowledge of the Bible.

Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. The annual meeting of this old club was held at the house of Mrs. Barwell-Carter, the surviving daughter of Dr. George Johnston, founder of the club long ago, when Sir W. Jardine, Mr. Selby, and other border naturalists commenced the journal of their transactions. Very few of the original members still live, but the prosperity of the club is attested by the fact of its having now 396 members, the limit being 400. At this annual meeting, among the visitors was the Rev. P. J. MacLagan, missionary from Swatow, son of Dr. Philip MacLagan, the friend of Dr. Cairns of Berwick, and an elder brother of the Archbishop of York. The meetings for 1897 include several of extreme interest on both sides of the Tweed, such as the headwaters of the Beaumont and back of the Cheviots, and the headwaters of the Whitadder, by Whittinghame (the home of A. J. Balfour), from Dunbar. The Rev. John Walker, rector of Whalton, an adept in border history and antiquities, was nominated President for 1897, and Mr. Hughes, of Middleton Hall, as delegate to the British Association at the Toronto meeting.

British Association Meetings for 1897, 1898, and 1899. The Council and Committee of the British Association have arranged that the next places of meeting are Toronto, Bristol, and Dover. For the Toronto meeting (the second held in Canada) Sir

John Evans, Treasurer of the Royal Society, is to be President. The Governor-General of Canada, the Prime Minister, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir William Dawson, Sir C. Tupper, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Kelvin, are to be Vice-presidents. Wednesday, August 18, is the date of meeting. In 1898, Bristol is chosen, where no meeting has been held for many years. Dover is appointed for 1899, the chief motive being that the French Association meets that year at Boulogne, and there will be unusual facilities for intercommunication of British and Continental men of science.

A Bit of Experience. Lord Justice Lindley distributing the prizes to the successful students of the medical school in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, said that the discipline of disappointment was by no means the worst that a man had to endure, and amongst famous men who failed at first, only to be brilliantly successful afterwards, was Lord Selborne. The man whose faculties were developed comparatively late in life was often the most successful. In his own profession he had seen men come into practice broken down by their efforts to secure the honours which had been awarded them. What they wanted was not merely the ability to pass examinations and win prizes, but tact and judgment. It was one thing to answer a question and another to find out what the question was. Examinations were all very well, but they should not attach too much importance to them. The answering of a set of questions showed great power of application and a ready memory, but nothing more. A man who had failed in an examination would sometimes pick out the point of a long story told in a law court, by an illiterate

person who had, or fancied he had, a grievance, while a brilliantly successful student would be incapable of doing so. For fifty years he had been a student of his own profession, and he was a student still.

Power and Use of the Spade. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked by one of the Committee of the "Egypt Exploration Fund" to contribute to the search for antiquities at Zoan. In his reply to Mr. O. Winslow he wrote, "I believe in the Spade. It has furnished the cheap defence, if not of nations, yet of beleaguered armies. It has fed the tribes of mankind. It has furnished them water, coal, iron, and gold. And it has given, and is giving them, *truth*, historic truth, the mines of which have never been opened till our own time. It seems to me that the whole Christian and the whole Hebrew world should be most interested in the excavation of Zoan, as the classic world is in that of Troy, Mycenæ, or Argos. My guinea-hen does not lay as many golden eggs as do the more prolific fowls of some of my neighbours, but one of them is at your service to hatch a spade for Zoan."—*Letter of Dr. Holmes, September, 1885.*

Astronomical Notes for December. The "brief November day," as the poet of the "Christian Year" expresses it, now gives way to the still briefer December day. On the 1st of this month the Sun rises at Greenwich at 7h. 47m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 52m. in the afternoon; on the 15th he rises at 8h. 2m., and sets at 3h. 49m. The shortest day in the northern hemisphere is the 21st, when the Sun is verti-

cal over the tropic of Capricorn about 7 o'clock in the morning. The Sun is in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 31st; the occurrence of this in winter somewhat tempers the cold in the northern hemisphere, whilst increasing the heat in the southern where it is summer at the time. The Moon becomes New at 5h. 51m. on the evening of the 4th; enters her First Quarter at 29m. past midnight on the 11th; becomes Full at 4h. 5m. on the morning of the 20th; and enters her Last Quarter at 9m. past noon on the 27th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd; in apogee, or farthest from us, about midnight on the 14th; and in perigee again an hour after midnight on the 30th. An occultation of some of the stars in the Pleiades will occur on the evening of the 17th, the Moon passing over them soon after sunset. The planet Mercury will become visible towards the end of the month in the evening, in the western part of the constellation Capricornus. Venus is an evening star, passing in an easterly direction through Capricornus, and continuing to increase in brilliancy. Mars is in opposition to the Sun on the 11th, and therefore at his greatest brightness this year; he is above the horizon all night, situated in Taurus and near the conspicuous star Beta, in that constellation, in the beginning of the second week of the month. Jupiter is a morning star almost stationary in Leo, rising now before midnight, and earlier as the month advances. Saturn does not rise until about 6 o'clock in the morning, so that whilst visible he is very low in the south-eastern part of the heavens, being nearly on the boundary of the constellations Libra and Scorpio.—W. T. LYNN.

When the Lamps are Lit.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

SECOND OF THREE.

1. "I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done."
2. "Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself."
3. "Where be *your* gibes now? *Your* gambols?
Your songs? *Your* flashes of merriment, that were
wont to set the table on a roar?"
4. "Indeed, to speak feelingly of *him*, *he* is the
card or calendar of gentry."
5. "I will chide no breather in the world but *myself*,
against whom I know most faults."
6. "If *thou* hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer with *thy* mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd."
7. "You and I cannot be confined within the weak

list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners."

Whole. "Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house."

Find the names indicated, and give Act and Scene of each quotation. All names of successful solvers are registered every month, and prizes given to those who stand highest at the end of the quarter.

AN EVENING WITH THACKERAY.

1. What magazine is described as "written for gentlemen by gentlemen," who was the sub-editor, and with what implement was he more effective than with his pen?

2. Who says—

(a) "I was made for a better lot than this, I think: but God has awarded me this one—and so, you see, it is for me to look on and

see others successful and others happy, with a heart that shall be as little bitter as possible?"

(b) "I, I'm not a military man"?

(c) "A barrister, Sir, but without business—a literary man, who can but seldom find an opportunity to sell the works of his brain—a gentleman, Sir, who has met with neglect, perhaps merited, perhaps undeserved, from his family. I get my bread as best I can"?

3. Who was—

(a) Jenkins Gruffenough? Why was he selected for the post he filled?

(b) Gumbo? On what occasion did he rise to greatness?

(c) Laud Latimer? What did he write?

4. Whose library is described in this paragraph:

"I found he believed Dr. Johnson to be the greatest of literary men: the doctor's words were constantly in his mouth; and he never travelled without 'Boswell's Life.' Besides these, he read 'Cæsar' and 'Tacitus,' with translations, Sir, with translations.' . . . Besides the above-named books, the 'Spectator,' 'Don Quixote,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' formed part of his travelling library. 'I read these, Sir,' he used to say, 'because I like to be in the company of gentlemen; and Sir Roger de Coverley and Don Quixote are the finest gentlemen in the world'?"

5. Who was "Figs"?

6. Name three great historical characters described in the following passages:

(a) "He was a good scholar as well as a consummate soldier. . . . He delighted in music and poetry. On the last night of his life, he said he would rather have written 'Gray's Elegy' than won a battle."

(b) "He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather . . . fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible."

(c) "His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy where he obtained a trifling mastery . . . but over lukewarm friends or smiling foes in this his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet and master."

7. What is "the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us," for which Thackeray says, "Let us kneel down and thank Our Father"?

8. Whose death is described in these words:

"And lo, he whose heart was as the heart of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Master"?

9. Write a brief essay, not exceeding two hundred words, upon your favourite character in Thackeray.

Two Book prizes, to the value of One Guinea and Half a Guinea respectively, will be given for the two best answers to these questions—the winners to choose their own books.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Great cities, lovely isles, or grassy plains,
One flag floats o'er these vast domains.

1. From thy grim rock great shots are hurled,
Guarding the entrance to the Eastern World.
2. Named from the man whose brain and hand
Bring wealth and order to a savage land.
3. To burning East and snowy North,
To islands lapped by Southern Sea,
To the Wild West thy sons go forth,
Yet call thee *home* and look towards thee.
4. Under the Southern Cross you lie,
Advance! advance! you ever cry.
5. The name of this fair city take,
It lies beside a Western lake.
6. For the land through which this river flows,
Our Yankee cousins called us foes.
7. Tiniest island near Fiji,
Sleeping on the Pacific Sea.
8. A city once a royal Princess's dower,
With stately palm and silent tower.
9. A city fair of great emprise,
See the gold pagoda rise.
10. Five rivers from the mountains run,
Through burning plains they roll as one.
11. An island blessed by sun and shower,
Famed for a wealth of fruit and flower.
12. The red-coated soldier takes his stand
On thy barren rocks in a desert land.
13. Black and white together stand
And for their Empress hold this land.
14. Northern land across the sea,
Scotland lends her name to thee.

Find these names, and give the country their initials spell.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class during the year, but may be commended.

II. Editor's decision is final. No private correspondence is possible.

III. Every competition must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 30th of month, having "Leisure Hour Prize Competitions" written *outside* envelope. Answers appear here, and prize-winners' names among advertisements.

ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

SEVEN RIDDLES (page 67).—1. A wig. 2. Cod-ling. 3. Rattle-snake. 4. Foot-stool. 5. Foot-path. 6. Peer-less. 7. Anything.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC, FIRST OF THREE (page 67).

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| 1. Parolles . . . | "All's Well that Ends Well," act ii., scene 5. |
| 2. Hermione . . . | "Winter's Tale," act v., scene 1. |
| 3. Egeus . . . | "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act i., scene 1. |
| 4. Benedick . . . | "Much Ado about Nothing," act iii., scene 2. |
| 5. Edward . . . | "Henry VI.," part iii., act iv., scene 7. |
| Whole. Phebe . . . | "As You Like It," act iii., scene 5. |

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC (page 67).—1. Malbrook. 2. Anne. 3. Rhine. 4. Louis. 5. Blenheim. 6. Orange. 7. Rastatt. 8. Oudenarde. 9. Utrecht. 10. Godolphin. 11. Harley. *Whole:* Marlborough.

Answers to Dickens' Questions and Prize Photographs (page 68) will be given next month.

